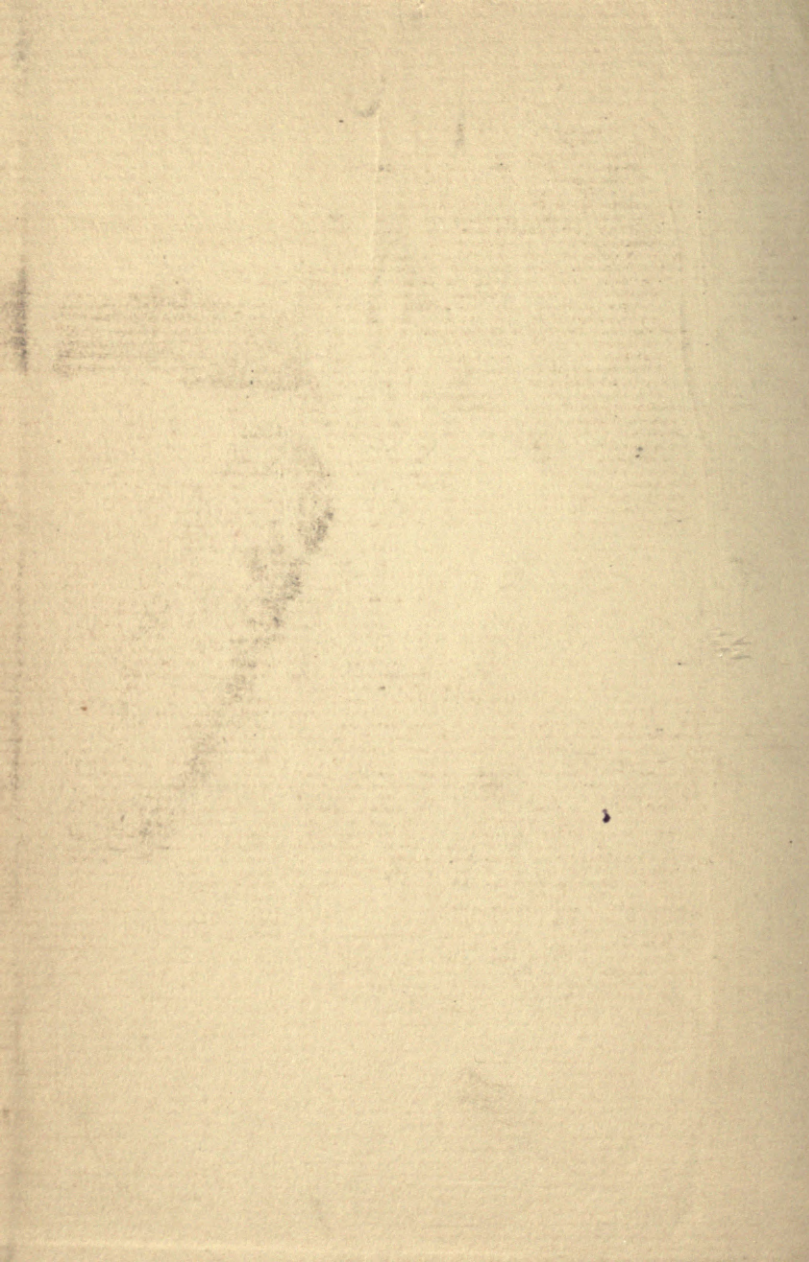


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THE JOURNAL OF  
A SPY IN PARIS

DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

*January—July, 1794*

BY

RAOUL HESDIN

*Pseud.*

[*Charles Robert Leslie Fletcher*]



NEW YORK  
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1896

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## PREFACE

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THE following fragment appears to be part of the journal of an English spy in Paris, kept during the terrible months of January to July, 1794. "Raoul Hesdin," the name written upon the brown paper cover of the book, is apparently a mere blind. So is the title, *Quelques Observations sur les Industries*, etc. No such person as "Hesdin" can be traced among the employés of the French Government at the time, but there was an enormous number of persons serving the Committee of Public Safety in various capacities whom it would be now equally impossible to identify. Internal evidence may, in-

deed, supply many suggestions as to what kind of man he was, and as to his course of life, both in Paris and previously.

He appears to have been trained as a wood-engraver in France in his youth, to have been at one time in North America, and possibly also in Germany; to have been thoroughly familiar with Paris under the *ancien régime*; to have been present at many of the earlier scenes of the Revolution, especially in 1789 and 1790—he may even have seen and spoken with Arthur Young on his famous tour in the former year—and to have returned to Paris late in the year 1793, but whether from England or America seems doubtful. Also it is nowhere directly stated, though it is difficult to put any but one construction on his words, that he was in the pay of the English Government at this



latter time. Anyhow, he obtained employment, apparently as an engraver or director of engravings, under the Committee of Public Safety, which, since the suspension of the "Constitution of 1793" in the previous summer, exercised an absolutely despotic and practically irresponsible power in France.

For the benefit of English readers it may be well to recall the composition of that Committee, the minuter history of which may be best studied in the excellent little work of M. Gros, *Le Comité de Salut Public* (Paris, 1893). Though this body of men was apparently, and for many purposes, such as the war, really united, the divisions in it, the increase of which Hesdin marks so clearly, ran somewhat upon these lines: Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon were the theorists; Billaud, Collot d'Herbois, and Barère were the "men of

their hands" in matters internal; Carnot, the two Prieurs, Lindet, and Jean Bon St. André were the "War Ministry," the last named being the head of the naval department. It must be remembered that, under this Committee, "Ministries" up to the 12th Germinal, and "Commissions of Government" after that date, continued to exist, but wholly without power. The "Lesser Committee," or Committee of General Security, of which the leaders were Vadier, Amar, Lebas, and David, and which always seems to have got on badly with the greater, was more directly concerned with matters of police.

It would be quite out of place here to attempt any summary of the events of the Revolution, either internal or external, during these seven months; and it must suffice to say that the leading fact is the steady elimination of parties

and individuals by Robespierre for his own benefit. The followers of Hébert fell in March, those of Danton in April; each party left, however, a "tail," which gradually united with those members of the Committees who were themselves threatened, to work the Revolution of Thermidor. In the history of the war Lord Howe's naval victory of the 1st of June, 1794, did little to compensate for the continued success of the French Republic on land. The defeats of the Vendéens, and the surrender of Toulon in December, 1793, allowed the whole attention of Carnot to be concentrated on the northeastern frontier, where the lack of accord between the English and Austrians resulted in the evacuation of the Netherlands by the allies after Jourdan's victory of Fleurus (June 26th). Austria and Prussia were indeed turning their thoughts more towards Poland,

and England stood alone in seriously desiring the restoration of the Bourbons in France—an event which, as Hesdin points out, might be by no means such an unmixed blessing, or such a certain pledge of peace, as the English Government supposed. Holland was threatened, as it had been threatened at the end of 1792, but was not yet attacked. Hesdin does not expect it to make any resistance. The Spaniards were still fighting on the East and West Pyrenees, but the Sardinian Government had pretty well shot its bolt.

Hesdin was of sufficient importance to be allowed to work in a room in the Tuileries, near to that in which the Committee itself sat. He seems to have been intimate, in the practical way in which we should expect to find a spy intimate, with several persons of consideration. Fouché, if the “Nantais” is



rightly identified with that astute person, was evidently known to him previously. Some one high in the confidence of Danton appears to have received a large sum of money from him, and, on the fall of the Dantonist party, he considers himself to be in some danger. He had, however, other channels of information besides Fouché, and was associated with an Englishman or American whom he calls V——, whom it is impossible to identify, but who certainly seems to have been a spy also.

When and how Hesdin left Paris does not appear; he is always longing to get away. Mr. Pitt, it is well known, left a great deal of freedom of movement to his secret agents. The date of "Fructidor l'an II." on the cover may be a part of the blind; but if not, the journal was brought to conclusion between August 18th and September 16th. The

present mutilated condition of the journal suggests an unascertainable number of leaves missing at the end, a few missing at the beginning, and two or three also lost a few pages further on. It is, of course, a matter of great regret that the diary, as we now have it, breaks off within a week of Thermidor 9th. That Hesdin's sources of information were not always correct may be gathered from his tone of extreme despondency in the month of July; for though the success of the Thermidorian movement which overthrew Robespierre, and ultimately the Terrorist Government, was up to the last moment doubtful, we have abundant evidence that the hopes of the opposition did continue to rise from day to day, and of this Fouché would be sure to be well informed. Probably Fouché, if it were he, did not always care to communicate his inmost thoughts.

The further question arises, why Hesdin should have desired the overthrow of Robespierre—why he should have identified himself with any party in the State instead of acting as a mere dispassionate observer. To this there seem to be three answers : first, that no peace could be concluded between the Allies and a Terrorist Government, and that Hesdin, whose sympathies—before the revolution, at least—seem to have been as much French as English, ardently desired the re-establishment of peace ; secondly, that, in his new capacity, he had had to submit to hob and nob with the filthy canaille of the revolutionary committees of several of the sections, especially his own, and must have learned to loathe the persons as well as the principles of these extreme Radicals ; lastly, that only in the overthrow of this “ Government by spies and spies

of spies " could there be any hope of his getting out of his present employment, and the " blood-dripping city," which he had once loved so well.

It may, then, be assumed that his information on political matters is neither very new nor very important. The question whether he sent any other " information by the usual channel " to England can only be answered when the secret service papers shall have been thoroughly explored. The present fragment looks more as if it were intended for the information of some private friend, either at Philadelphia or in England ; or it may be that the address to " M. J. Hesdin, Bureau des Affaires Étrangères," in the former place, is elaborately invented, to conceal the real destination of the manuscript ; and, if this be the case, it may also be supposed that the social conditions of the starving capital of France



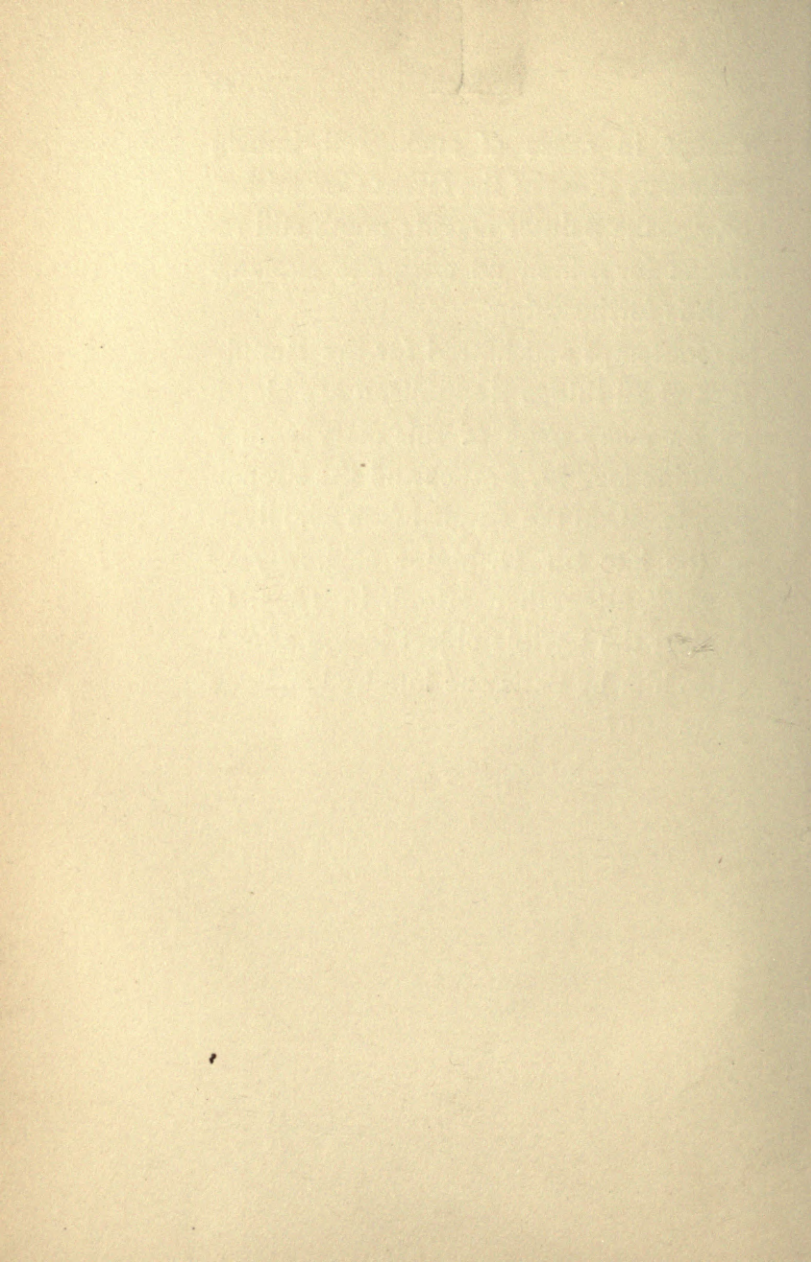
were the real object of Hesdin's study, and such study the reason of his mission. On these points his observations seem to possess no little interest and value. No contemporary book, either in French or English, paints these conditions quite in the light which this manuscript throws upon them. That "famine and the dread of famine" is the real clue to the horrors of 1794 is tolerably certain; that the most drastic socialistic measures only aggravated a thousandfold the conditions they were intended to relieve, sufficiently appears from these pages. For the rest, Hesdin appears to have been a man of some erudition, keen powers of observation, plenty of pluck, and more tender sympathies than might have been expected in a spy.

The style in which the diary is written shows more evidence of carelessness than of haste. It is always that of an

educated man, and is even stilted and antiquated in places. There are, as is natural, many Gallicisms, many passages in which it is perfectly clear that the writer thinks now in French, now in English; yet his spelling of French names is little better than that of some of the Sans-culottes, whom he so much despised. There are, it may also be remarked, one or two curious Scotticisms, for which it is difficult to account. The use of the title "monsieur" throughout, instead of "citizen," indicates either perfect confidence that no unfriendly eye would read, or else indifference to Republican etiquette. Little trouble is taken to explain the names of men, places, or things, and much knowledge of Paris and Parisian life is taken for granted. Where, however, it has been found possible to identify a person or a date, a note has been made to that effect,

except in cases of such well-known names as those of the Great Committee, or, *e.g.*, the painter David; much still remains for which no adequate explanation is forthcoming.

Contempt and hatred for the Republic and all things Republican are blended on every page of this diary with a genuine love for France and the French people. Can the Englishman who lives, as the late Sir H. Maine said, *in fæce Romuli*, altogether afford, in 1895, to neglect the terrible object lesson afforded to him by Paris one hundred and one years ago?





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## THE DIARY OF A SPY IN PARIS

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[*The first three sheets of the Diary are  
torn out.*]

published, and copies despatched to all the Sections.\* I was discussing this table with an *enraged* friend of mine (a stonemason) not long ago, and found him quite sensible of the corruption with which the fixture of prices has already come to be associated :

\* This apparently refers to the *chiffre* of the Maximum, of which various sketches were circulated in 1793, though the complete and final tariff was only promulgated in February, 1794. Cf. note *infra*, p. 30.

“For v'là,” says he, “they are good patriots who have fixed it—the best of patriots—but, citizen, who shall prevent the *National Agents* to whom is entrusted the task of calculating the cost of transport of the article to Paris—who shall prevent them from being *coquins*? And the *benefice*, citizen,—look at the *benefice* to the shopkeeper,—it is at ten per centum! Bah! but it is too high!” Paris has been, in fact, so long accustomed to be fed by the Governments, *whether Royal or Municipal*, that the inhabitants cannot understand that any Individual is entitled to a fair profit on the sale of provisions. “And we are all *sans travail*, these eight weeks,” he added. “Bah! it is *heads* we must have before this will go better!” I might have suggested, had it been politic to do so, that he was *sans travail* chiefly because all those



who could employ were either in prison or in dread of prison. But it is hard to expect a man to be reasonable who has only the pay of *forty sous per week*,\* and his ration of black bread; meat they hardly see. The only class in regular employ are those under the Army Contractors.

The year is fitly closing in disaster after disaster. The fatal event of the 19th,† to which I had long looked forward as inevitable, has been followed by a crushing disaster in the north-west to the Catholic army of the Vendéens.‡ As the most ferocious vengeance is already being taken on the unhappy Toulonniers by the butcher Fréron, so we may expect to see the *Reign of Terror*

\* Danton's "Law of the Forty Sous," granting payment to the lowest class for attending section meetings, passed on September 5, 1793.

† The fall of Toulon on its evacuation by the English. ‡ The battle of Savenay, see note, p. 104.

established definitely in Lower Brittany. I can't but think the allies to have been neglectful of the importance of these *Rebels*; their leaders are men of immense determination, and, though unsuccessful in Normandy, may yet live to cause the Republic some trouble in their own province. It's a poor reflection, but a natural one for an Englishman, that the destruction of Toulon means the destruction of French commerce in the waters of the Levantine, and the destruction of French commerce must mean the advantage of British. Let the *British Convention of Edinburgh*\* *take note of this fact*; though, for my part, I wish Muir and all his brethren were safe at Botany Bay.

\* See Jephson's "History of the Platform," vol. i. pp. 201 and 211. This refers to one of the numerous movements of seditious persons in the United Kingdom, against which the stringent Acts of Mr. Pitt's ministry were directed.

I have made my visit to St. Sulpicia. It's the saddest thing in the world: the Virgin's chapel, which had been so beautifully restored by M. Wailly after the fire at the Fair of 1763,\* is stripped of everything. M. Pigalle's glorious *Virgin of the High Altar* is battered beyond recognition, and the head of the Child knocked off. But what are our local losses compared to those of Nôtre Dame and St. Dennis! I happened to be made acquainted, a day or two ago, with a priest who was present at the recent exhumation of the royal corpses. I learned from him some curious details as to the old methods of embalming with quicksilver; and much else that would have delighted the learned Browne.† It

\* The Foire St. Germain, part of which used to be held in the church.

† Sir T. Browne, author of "Hydriotaphia."

seems that from the sixteenth century the greedy Monks substituted copper crowns for the real gold ones with which the Kings used to be buried. Several bodies, he says, were found almost intact — Henry IV.'s among them, and the Marshal Turenne. Some of the monuments (in a mutilated condition, for most were broken in the process) to the Museum;\* the bones of the *crowned scelerats and coquins* were heaved into a common trench!

30th.—One of the most *ridiculous* of all the tyrannies, and one concerning which I experienced some difficulty before my entry to my present employ, is the *Certificates of good Citizenship*. Here the *Town Hall*† puts forth all its most

\* *Sic*: the museum referred to is the Louvre.

† The "Town Hall," or "the Municipals," is Hesdin's usual expression for the Commune, or Town

arbitrary powers. It is absolutely necessary, either by bribery, or by secret influence, or by an *affectation of extreme patriotism*, to possess one's self of the little card or paper on which, together with a description of one's personal appearance, a note is made of one's dwelling-place, age, and employ. The paper is obtained first at *Section Meeting*, signed by the President and secretary of the same, and then forwarded to the Town Hall in copy. It is, indeed, the chief business of the Committee at Section Meetings to allot these papers. Any person who has been continually resident since 1789 must produce proof of having served in the Blues,\* paid all taxes including those so ridiculously called *patriotic gifts*, signed

Council of Paris, which sat at the Hôtel de Ville, under the Maire.

\* National Guards, *vide infra*.



no Monarchical petitions, been rejected at no Republican, a member of no Monarchical clubs; not have held more than one office or received more than one salary from the Republick at the same time; and the like. By strict law, seven signatures of Committee-men\* are necessary, but such are hardly ever present to give force to it. A man is at all times liable to be called on to present his *carte de civisme* to any Agent of the Government, or to any person representing himself to be such. It is a favourite device of the *Municipals* for the extortion of moneys to summon a whole family to their bar, and then, cancelling their certificates without assigning any reason, to leave the dread of being considered suspect hanging over their heads. It is the fashion to wear one's

\* *I. e.* Revolutionary committees of sections.

*carte* stuck in the hat-band, and I observe that some carry their card of membership of the *Jacobin or Cordelier Clubs* in the same place. But perhaps the most curious fashion is that of the Presidents of the *Sectional Committees*, who, as a pendant to the broad tricolour neck-ribbon, carry a little *plaque*, like the traditionary *stone tables of the Law*, on one side of which is printed in very small letters the *Rights of Man*, and on the other the *Constitution*,\* or an abridgment of the same. These scarves and *insignia of office* form one of the greatest attractions in the eyes of the vulgar sort. There is even a difference in the way of wearing the *bonnet rouge*, and in the size and shape of the tricolour cockade. With Mddles. les Citoyennes this has become a matter of coquetry.† It

\* The abortive "Constitution of the year I." (or 1793) is here meant.

† *Sic*.

is extreme *patriotism* to wear it very large and between the breasts ; it is *moderation at the least* to allow it to peep from under the curls. Our Rulers are not above constant proclamations that it be worn large and conspicuous. But against the ladies what decrees are operative? Nay, I meet occasionally men in the streets who do not seem to have *heard of the Revolution*, who wear powder and dress elegantly, and dine, no doubt, luxuriantly. They are getting fewer, however, every day, and that they exist at all is only explicable by bribery.

1794: *Jan. 6th.* — Famine! famine! When the Municipals think it necessary, as they did last week, to placard the streets with the joyful tidings that *a thousand loaves of sugar* have been received by them for distribution to the grocers, we cannot be said to be many days removed from famine. There is a

question continually agitated as to the advisability of creating public bake-shops, to be owned and worked by servants of the Municipals. Such a plan would no doubt afford *warm places* to a number of their favourites, but it would respond neither to œconomy nor common sense. They cry out against the selfishness of the bakers, the grasping and grinding of those who have Capital, the inefficiency of the Tariff law, and the like; but what is really necessary is a little more, nay, a good deal more, freedom. I believe now prices might be almost at the level of their *maximum* were the fellows who used to sell bread rolls in the market alleys allowed to ply their trade. These, however, have long disappeared, and there are *considerably fewer bakers' shops than in 1789*. It is the fear of losing custom that alone will keep

prices down, not the fear of being called a *rich egoist*, or even of losing your head; for where many are in mischief each thinks he will escape the threshing. And even on their miserable plan of force, if there were half a dozen bakers more in each Section the disgraceful scenes of the mornings might be avoided.

Paris is on Ration like a besieged city, each person receives from his Section a baker's card, and is thereby entitled to receive from the baker, at the maximum price, as much bread as *the Municipals consider* sufficient for him and his family. This ration varies weekly. The baker is bound to calculate, from the number of mouths he feeds, the quantity of corn he will need to buy from the Municipals, who distribute it weekly. We who are not obliged to *faire queue* at the bakers' doors—thanks to my em-



ploy, I am exempt from this, and a bare sufficiency of bread is delivered, together with meat and vegetables, at my lodging daily — have very little conception of the sufferings of those who are. The queues are somewhat differently regulated in different Sections, but my host's daughters, who take it in turn to go, are often waiting from four of the clock after midnight till eight or nine in the morning.

*8th.*—There is posted to-day, at all the shambles at St. Genevieve's, a notice that only napery\* is to be brought by the women in the queues to fetch their meat away. 'Tis because these ladies were in the habit of breaking one another's heads with the tin platters they are wont to carry. Most dangerous and unjust are the arrangements; and most

\* Napkins or linen (a Scotticism).

infamous schools of morals for the girls are these same queues. The police, who stand to marshal the applicants and receive their allotted *numéros*, will allow any who slips a few sous into their hand to take her place in the front rank, though she arrive never so late; and then perhaps those who have been standing for hours will lose their turn, or find the stall empty and closed before it arrives; nor will the numero of one day serve for the next. The most disorderly scenes are, however, enacted at the *Portes* on the River Seine, where no regular queues are possible for those who wish to provide themselves with slender rations of wood or coal for fuel. The *Porte du Charbon* is right faced to the Grève,\* and the width of the square behind gives room for plenty of scuffling

\*The Place de Grève, where the Hôtel de Ville was situated.

when the boats discharge their cargoes. But at all the chantiers\* on the upper part of the river

*[Here it is evident that there is only one leaf missing, or two at most.]*

me by Meunier and d'Arcon, two Clerks in the war office. The innumerable quantity of shoes required for the army has caused an edict that the shoemakers should work only for the Contractors, at the rate of two pair of shoes per week. As it is, many of the soldiers go bare-foot or in *sabots*, and the *requisitioned shoes* are too often made of other material than leather. But it cannot be denied that the Government, indifferent to everything else, takes excellent care for the health of the troops on foreign service.

\* Wood-yards.

The enormous sums made by the Contractors intercepts\* a part of this benevolence. Yet I believe the army to be, with the exception of those sent against the *Vendéens*, united to a man in detestation of this bloody Government; and I sometimes amuse myself by reflecting on the clean sweep that would be made of *Messieurs of the Faction*, if any one of the Generals of the Frontier should propose to the Enemy a six weeks' truce, come back, and burn Paris and these rascals alive in it, restore the King, and then march against the Austrians again. My word on it, France would be for that man! Had *Dumourrier* † been an honest man, he would have effected this. The ludicrous way in which a Government, consisting almost wholly of Civil

\* *Sic.*

† Dumouriez, the great French general, victor of Jemappes, defeated at Neerwinden, went over to the allies, March, 1793. He died at Henley-on-Thames.

men, pretends to criticize the action of *the Military*, and sends to prison and the scaffold\* honourable soldiers for strategies which, perhaps, are the saving of their armies, is patent to all the world.

*9th.*—My new work-room at the palace† is at the bottom of a long corridor, at a short right angle to that which leads to the chamber of the Principal Committee (called the *Public Safety*). It is dark, but not inconvenient; but one is annoyed by the constant tramp of *Blues*‡ and messengers in the passage outside. Cannons with matches burning are always kept at the entrance of the Palace. Courriers are for ever on the move. I walked the other day from

\* *E. g.*, the two Custines, father and son, and the narrow escape of Hoche himself.

† The Tuileries.

‡ The National Guards.



*Section Meeting*\* with a very honest man called Henri, who has recently received a place as Courrier Extraordinary. He tells me that he received an offer of two hundred livres *per mensem* from a friend of Hébert's if he would employ himself in *tracking aristocrats*, many of his former master's friends being known to be in hiding in the City; but he thought it a dishonest employ, and excused himself. He is now in receipt of a good wage, but the service is hard. They have twenty-four Extraordinary Courriers, who are bound to be in turn booted and spurred night and day in the gallery of the ante-chamber of the committee. One of these men broke his shoulder, when on service in Belgium, from a fall from his horse last

\* The writer belonged to the section of the Panthéon in which his dwelling, in the Rue St. Jacques, was situated.—*Vide infra*.

autumn, but he has never received a penny in compensation, being dismissed at once.

*10th.*—I hear, from the very best sources, that the Emigration are in the greatest straits for money: the news from Toulon has dashed all their hopes; they dare not trust more to us; they believe, as indeed do all here as well as on the frontier, our Government may any day be overturned; and all they have to live on is the charity of the Empress of Russia, and the Prince\* is on his knees to her for more.† Monsieur is at Turin, or somewhere in the north of Italy. They babble of assisting Vendé;‡ the Pope sends *blessed banners* and the like, but no one sends any *guns*.

\* D'Artois.

† Fornéron, "Histoire Générale des Émigrés," vol. i. p. 293, says that the gifts of Catharine to the cause did not exceed four million francs. ‡ *Sic*.

It is a great deal of pity that Lord Moira appears to have done so little in this direction.\* But Lord Grenville appears determined to shut his ears to every suggestion that is made to him by the soberer party among the Émigrés.†

*12th.*—I have at times some of M. David's work to engrave; it is clear, but deficient in light and shadow. I do not know any one in Paris who inspires me with more horror and disgust than this person. His hideous countenance, with a great swelling on one cheek, is the reflection of his hideous heart. It is said that during the Prison Massacres he employed himself in the courtyard

\* Hesdin was quite right. The English Government was singularly blind to the excellent opening afforded by the Vendéan insurrection. Lord Moira's futile effort was in December, 1793.

† A somewhat similar complaint occurs in Mr. Miles's "Correspondence" (ii. 122).

of the prisons making drawing-studies of the agonies of the dying. He does not, happily for me, interest himself in the medals and tail-pieces with the *image of Brutus* and the *galley-slaves' cap*\* *between two piques*, which form the staple of my work. I can, however, flatter myself on having introduced a better style of setting than heretofore used† for the seals of the Republic. I am just designing an Oval with a very small interior beading, surmounted by festooned oak-leaves above and draped roses dependent. If I could only persuade them to allow Madam Republick to drop her heavy *bundle of antient Roman weapons*, or *stow it under her petticoats*, and to take off her hideous cap, I would not

\* The origin of the red cap as a Revolutionary emblem is a subject of doubt. See the article "Bonnet Rouge," in the "Dictionnaire de la Révolution," par Bonsin et Challamel.

† *Sic.*

be ill pleased. Tiolier's\* work is sometimes graceful—much more so, I think, than Dupré's—though with ungraceful subjects to work upon. He's now at an awkward design of *an eye on the top of a mountain*, which looks more like a symbol of the Freemasons than a *Sun of Liberty*. The absurd passion for the *Red Cap* has gone so far that it has been adopted and decreed to be the official head-dress of all *Municipals*. "If one wants a Statue to escape mutilation," says F——, "one decorates it with a red cap," and even your *Virgin Mothers* are thus transferable into *Goddesses of Liberty* at will.

13th.—One hears of constant complaints of the sale of provisions furtively at midnight. There is a poultry-stall next door to *the Foy*,† which I am told

\* Tiolier was a celebrated medallist and *mintier*.

† Café Foy in the Palais Royal (?).



is entered by a back alley, and does a roaring trade in the evening. *Female hawkers* also evade the law, by private understanding with the stall-keepers in the markets, purchasing large quantities of small provisions, eggs, butter, and the like, and vending them from door to door, under the pretence that they are *linen wares*, with which, for a show, the tops of their baskets are covered. I have myself made an arrangement with *Citoyenne Corniche*, whose husband works under me, to supply me with an omelette twice a week!

The porters and bargemen on the Seine are a fierce and independent race, and utterly refuse to submit to the *Tarifa* for the carriage of fuel, both on and from the river. Their wage is supposed to be fixed by the Municipality, as the agricultural wage used to be fixed by the

Justices in Quarter Sessions\* in England. It's supposed one-third higher than in 1790, but not a week passes but all the men in some wood-yard throw down their packs and refuse to lift them till a much higher *pourboire* is given. If we should have a sharp winter now, the result would be terrible. It *costs four livres a load at my door now*—nearly double the price of 1789 in the Vaugirard.†

24th.—They have given at the City Theatre a play entitled *The Madness*

\* An Act of 19 George II., empowering interested persons to demand that the J. P.'s should fix the rate of wages, evidently recognizes that the practice had been almost disused. It was common enough in the seventeenth century, but Hesdin can hardly have been familiar with it in his youth. See Cunningham, "Growth of English Industry and Commerce," p. 359.

† "It" evidently means wood for fuel from the chantiers. This seems to indicate that Hesdin stayed in Rue Vaugirard (not far from his present quarters) in 1789.

of *King George*,\* in which *our coming Revolution* is predicted with all the absurdity possible; Mr. Fox the leader, and the Tower the Bastille. How men can be found to play such parts! But some twenty leading actors of the old Stage, who had made it the most famous in Europe, are in prison, and their lives daily threatened. Talma has prostituted himself to them; not that I mean he plays in such as this, but he lives and plays. He has immense histrionic talent, but his voice is rather monotonous; he mouths and rants, both with voice and gesture.

The Government is making great ef-

\* "La Folie de Georges ou l'Ouverture du Parlement d'Angleterre," a comedy by Lebrun-Tossa, was given at the City Theatre for the first time on January 23, 1794. Pitt and the Prince of Wales are massacred by the people, and George is drawn in a chariot by Burke, Grenville, and Chesterfield to "Beedlam" (Welschinger, "Théâtre de la Révolution," p. 205).

forts to close the gambling-booths. The rage for gambling appears to have attained a fearful height since the commencement of the Revolution. There were some scandalous revelations recently made of the system of *the black mail* being levied by Agents of the Government itself, to wink at the *loto* and *biribi* tables. The fellows who used to tell your fortunes with a greasy pack of cards on the Pont Neuf for three half-pence have been hunted away, but there are plenty of Calliostros\* left plying their trade under false colours. M. Hébert's filthy broad-sheet, entitled, *Le Père Duchêne*, is now appearing four times *per decade*: it is incredible how such stuff can have had such a long life; and at fifty sous a month! Every one says that its publication must cost

\* *Sic.*

far more, and that it is helped out by the plundering of State funds; but every one reads it at the street corners, and the Cour des Forges\* is a scene of great excitement at the appearance of every fresh *numéro*. Sometimes there are home truths in it, as when it is pointed out that the soldiers are *shod with brown paper, and fed with black beans for coffee*.

30th.—There is nothing more strange in the Revolution than the wonderful people it attracts from foreign countries. Without mentioning Mr. Paine, my countryman, there are at least four Persons of Quality from beyond the Rhine who have played or are playing their part with the most violent. One of these, an actual Prince of the Empire, recently lived in a garret opposite my dwelling, and acted as a Spy for the Government;

\* Where *Père Duchêne* was sold. I am unable to identify the locality.



one supposes that he filled his breeches pocket fairly thereby, but it could not and did not prevent him from becoming "suspected." 'Tis veritably a Fever which possesses such men. In spite of the denunciations of our Government, which are so much in fashion, it's easy to see that Lord Stanhope's\* speech of last week, which has found its way into several French newspapers, has made an impression upon thinking Frenchmen.

*Feb. 3rd.*— Oh, Posterity! please to take note that there is a new town in France. It is called "Sans-nom." It used to be called Marseilles, and then attained some celebrity as a trading-port. I am surprised at no destruction in the name of *Revolutionary principles*; it is

\* Lord Stanhope spoke in the Lords on January 23d, in favour of a peace, but it is not easy to see why the speech of a leading Opposition lord should be interpreted in Paris as appears in the text.

extraordinary what influence a few phrases, a few ideas, possibly right or righteous in themselves, but without convenience to the existing circumstances, have over these people. It was one of the Brissotines, or Brissot himself, who said, "*I would rather our Colonies perished than a single principle of the Revolution were slighted.*" \*

*Feb. 4th.*—I have little heart in such scenes for the compilation of a regular Journal; if there were the least chance of my obtaining employment elsewhere, or a passport to leave, I would leave this hideous shambles to-morrow. I am here to discover the secrets of a Government which has none, to unriddle mysteries

\* Prig as Brissot was, he spoke in the heat of the moment, and would probably have been the first to denounce, in modern England, a distinguished professor who, without his (Brissot's) excuse, made an almost exactly similar remark about England's Indian Empire.

when everything is but too patent, to assign causes to effects when *famine, hideous famine*, is the cause of everything. At times I console myself with the thought that I am taking part in a piece that will one day be read and re-read on History's page—if, indeed, all history be not destroyed and the End of all things come. 'Tis this present thing, famine, and the dread of worse famine, that has converted the most loveable and hospitable people in Europe into a *den of tigers*. The name of hatred most frequently upon all lips is not Aristocrat, but "Accapareur" (that is, one who buys up provisions in order to sell them at an enhanced price). For this the absurd law of which I have recorded the chiffre above.\* For this the patrols at the

\* (Deest.) That is, the law of the Maximum, fixing the price of all the necessities of life. Various

Grilles of the *Barriers* or entrances to the city from the home counties; which are requisitioned to supply the capital, indifferent to their loss, and, indeed, to all but its own daily needs. For this the same patrols at all the ports or landing-places along the quays of the Seine River. Yet these precautions are as fruitless as are the efforts of the Police of the markets; it seems impossible to prevent those who have money—and there are many such, with whom the dread of losing it alternates with the indifference to everything except the en-

decrees—the most important being in the months of May, 1793, September, 1793, February, 1794 (when the completed tables, appeared)—gradually established it, and it continued nominally in force till December, 1794. It did nothing to alleviate the distress, and, as a matter of fact, was, of course, constantly evaded; though, during the early summer, it seems to have been really enforced in all small transactions in market overt, by the agency of the Terror.

joyment of the actual moment—from getting a larger share of food than those who have nothing. There are eating-houses, even within the circuit of the *Palace Royal*, where it is possible to dine scarce less sumptuously than in the reign of the late King. “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

5th.—Perhaps the most useful Proposal hitherto made during the Revolution is that for a system of *uniform measures* of weight, of length, and of superficies. Although it must take a century at least before such system can really make way, for the daily customs of the ignorant and poor are the last things the most despotick of governors can change, it will be a great blessing to future ages to get rid of the infinite variations of the *livre* and the *aune* which obtained in the several Provinces. But, of course, it is ren-



dered ridiculous by being tacked on to their new Kalendar and their new divisions of the clock. By a recent decree the system is declared to be completed, but with rare common sense its compulsory adoption is deferred for a period. Will Mesdemoiselles of the Opera measure their too scanty garments by the *mètre*?

Last night to the Gallery of the Great Club\* for the first time since my return. It is held in a mean, straight edifice, formerly a Monastery. The windows are all in the roof, and additional supports have had to be contrived for the roof, which gives it an ungainly aspect inside. The Galleries at each end are crowded with those who applaud *the more patriotic orators*; and the art of filling these† with

\* The celebrated "Jacobin Club," so called because held in the Jacobin convent off the Rue St. Honoré.

† Sc. galleries.

a man's own friends when he is going to speak is not the least necessary among *parliamentary tricks* practised here. The Club is the very workshop of delation and denunciation. When an individual displeases it, a *deputation* is forthwith sent off to the Town Hall or the Committees to accuse him. The debates of the Club are as fully reported as those of the Convention, or may be read condensed in the *Journal of the Mountain*. The crush as we came out was enormous. By ill-luck I had, in perfect safety as I thought, a net purse with a few coins, a roll of one hundred livre Assignats, and my *carte de sûreté*, all buttoned tight inside the breast pocket of my coat. When I got to the bridge I put down my hand, and, behold, *two cross slashes, evidently made with a razor, represented my possessions*. But the humour of the rascal was good, for I have just received

by the *petite poste* my *carte de sûreté* again, with an intimation from my very patriotic *filou* that, though regretfully obliged to borrow my Assignats for his necessities, he would not for the world disquiet *so brave a sansculotte* respecting his Citizenship. But it will evidently not do to be careless about what I carry—

“Who steals my purse steals dress;”

but I might easily have been carrying papers which would have given the Government a right to steal other heads as well as my own; and thereby have made my patriotic *filou* a rich man!

*8th.*—There are over two hundred men told off every week from *the Blues*, to act as a special guard for the young King's prison in the *Templars*. One hears endless stories of projects for his

escape, and also of the cruel treatment to which he is subjected. It's probable that before very long he will be murdered, and his aunt and sister transferred to some common prison.

For genuine ribaldry and folly a section meeting of our good neighbours at the Luxemburg\* (who have recently changed their name, to match the *prevailing passion for antiquity*, into that of the Section of *Mucius Scævola*) is to be commended. There is much rivalry in incendiary motions between us and those; and between us we embrace more rascaldom and more *Revolutionary nonsense* than any two sections in Paris. There are about three thousand electors in each, and not a hundred regularly attend the meetings. Even of these all business is managed by half a dozen or so. We sit

\* The section of that name to the west of Section Panthéon.

at the old Carmelite Nunnery,\* they at St. Sulpicia's; and the arches which I remember ringing with the finest music of the Fête Dieu, now only re-echo the filthy brawls of greedy and blood-thirsty demagogues. I was deputed to take a message to them the other day, and Roché, their president, insisted on kissing me on both cheeks. A more disgusting scoundrel does not live, though his secretary, Jehannot, is not far behind him. We are a most voluminous Section in the matter of speeches, and the printing of them—at the public expense, of course. If I miss a meeting I am sure to receive from Lion's,† the

\* There appear to have been two Carmelite establishments on the left bank—one on the right of the Rue de Grenelle, in the Rue Vaugirard, the other on the right of the Faubourg St. Jacques, communicating with the Faubourg by the Passage des Carmelites. The one here referred to is the latter. (Franklin, "Les Anciens Plans de Paris," p. 152.)

† The name Lion appears as that of the printer



next morning, a new broad-sheet with a speech of *Professor Carentan*, who now calls himself *Draco*, and leads us all by the length of his lungs.

I notice no change more than that made by the suppression of the Monkeries et cætera. The difference which this has made to the appearance, and above all to the street noises of Paris, is quite wonderful. Before the Revolution this street\* was quite as much of a *pfarrer gasse*† as the river Main valley, and it was bells, bells, from morn till night. I used often to visit old Toussaint the naturalist here—he loved not the Processions, and would spit,

of various addresses of the Section Panthéon during this year.

\* Rue Saint Jacques.

† The Pfarrer or Pfaffen Gasse (Parson's Alley) was the name given to the valley of the river Main, from Bamberg to Frankfort, on account of the great number of ecclesiastical fiefs there.

with a "*corbeaux*," when he saw them coming. Besides all the College and University buildings, there were between the Observatory and the Bridge three parish churches, two other churches, and nine Convents or Monasteries;\* they had a perfect little St. Dennis of Royal Relicks in the various churches, especially in the Jacobins',† and St. Magloire, now all scattered to the winds. Then the gorgeous buildings of the University, now all confiscated. Between St. Severina's Fountain and the little passage down to *Hell Street*‡ there is not a single crucifix, where before I am sure there were twenty. All the

\* Among the latter was that of the English Benedictines, where James II. of England was buried. The three parish churches were St. Étienne des Grés, St. Benoît, and St. Jacques.

† Jacobins' Church—in the Rue St. Jacques—not to be confused with their convent off St. Honoré, where the Great Club sat.

‡ Rue de l'Enfer.

royal statues on the bridges have followed them—even my favourite infant Louis.\* But it's the same story from St. Mandy to Chaillot.†

*9th.*—Some unhappy Nuns were condemned to death to-day for no cause except their Profession. But the Carmelites have been an object of suspicion to the managers ever since the massacre of '92. One of these was quite a decrepit old woman, incapable of any conspiracy such as these wretches allege to have been hatched by them. Meanwhile the recruiting the army goes on steadily, and is perhaps the most satisfactory sign of the hour; even a cy-devant‡ may be safe in the ranks. Men

\* Possibly this refers to a figure of Louis XIV. with his father and mother in a group, which stood on the Pont du Change, close to the Châtelet.

† As we might say "from Camberwell to Kensington."

‡ That is to say, "a noble."

and boys of all heights and ages are admitted, and whether it is from eagerness to escape from the blood-stained Capital, which reeks with spies and delation, or no, there is a real enthusiasm for all things Military; whereas the service in *the Blues* is continually done by deputy, in spite of all laws to the contrary. There is, for instance, great difficulty in supplying *the Blues* with arms — most have only the pike; but they are such rascallions and so perpetually drunk, that it is as well they have few muskets, though these are supposed to be turned out of the factories on the river boats at a surprising rate. The *Invalids' Terrace*, too, and the Luxemburg Garden have been converted into vast cannon foundries. There are fifty-four forges at the Luxemburg alone for cannons, working night and day, besides the smaller ones for bayonets and pikes.

The noise and filth they generate is very great : all the refuse from the works is flung pell-mell into the Seine.

*15th.*—I have just heard a rumour that the Bishop of Autun\* has been expelled from England. I cannot but felicitate the Ministry on so bold a step. I have no direct proof (and, in F——'s absence, can have none), but the very strongest suspicion that he had entered secret relations with this Government, which would not be slow to pay his services—not with any hope of creating a Rebellion in England, they are too shrewd for that, but to ascertain the disposition of our Government towards the Emigration, and the probable movements of the Alliance. Of all men of

\* This shows how slowly news from England reached Paris. Talleyrand was expelled from England (under the Alien Act) January 30th, and went to America.



the Revolution he is the most false, the most utterly without party or principle, save of his own advantage. But I do not expect him to compromise his future with coming hither. He will more probably stir up strife in the camp of the Emigration itself. Valcour\* put a most astounding thing in his news sheet to-day—a manifest falsehood, yet one for which I see no *French* reason—to wit, that the French prisoners at Plymouth had been allowed to celebrate the day of their late King's murder, and had *planted a tree of liberty in the prison yard*. Such indulgence is not what they're accustomed to relate of English prisons.

17th.—The Cardinal Archbishop of

\* Philippe Atistide Valcour, comedian, founder of the Theatre "Délassement Comiques," and one of the editors of the *Journal de la Montagne*, which lived from June 1, 1793, to 28 Brumaire l'an III.

Sens is reported dead in his prison, whether by his own hand or another's I know not. He had only been recently arrested; I know not why he was spared so long, unless that, being enormously wealthy, he *probably could afford it*.\* He was, perhaps, the worst minister of the old Monarchy, and did more to precipitate the Revolution than any one. But his persecution was probably aggravated by the affair of the Water Company. It's alleged that he and several other officials, among whom was the poet Caron de Beaumarchais, had fraudulently machinated against the Perriers, who were the originals, and the largest shareholders.†

\* This is a mistake. Loménie de Brienne had been for some time in prison in 1793, but was released, quite possibly owing to bribery, as Hesdin here hints: re-arrested in February, 1794, he died the same night.

† The Perriers were the inventors of the hydrant

To-day to St. Antoine, to see the pottery works of Mons. Ollivier *le jeune*, for whom we may have some commissions. A most flattering reception. He has made his peace with the Government for a while, and is beloved by the few workmen who stay with him. I consider him *the best living artist in France of any kind*; a man of infinite patience of Invention, he works when necessary in the habit of a common *ouvrier*, and yet is by far the ablest head at the Lycée.\* He is presently engaged upon some designs for imitating the antient brown vases of the Etruscans, after the manner of Mr. Wedgwood, yet of sufficient original

system, with the two pumping-stations at Chaillot and the Gros Caillou; their affairs had been in litigation before the Châtelet as early as 1790. (See "Dictionnaire de la Rév.," article "Perrier.")

\* Des Arts, situated in the Palais Royal garden.

worth to appear rather as a rival than a copyer. There is, however, no clay in the Seine valley equal to *Staffordshire*, while the want of workmen and the unsettled state of the Republick prevent development of the art on any large scale ; the Sèvres manufacture is, for the same reason, at a standstill. When one is told by these ideots\* that a Republick is of all governments the most favourable to art, and has Greece and Rome thrown daily at one's head, one cannot forget that in the latter Republicks all material labour was done by slaves. Now, *a slave must work* ; while one of the worst features, œconomically speaking, of this Revolution has been the growing dislike of the lowest class to work. 'Tis a feature that is likely to remain, and be a standing curse to

\* *Sic.*

this once frugal and industrious race. Five years of frothy declamation have convinced them that they have a right to eat the bread of others, and they therefore hang about the Quays, and the street corners, and the Arcades of the Palace, ready for any excitement and mischief. If the majority of the middle class should ever come to their senses and their courage again, these messieurs will find they have lost their steady habit of industry, and have no longer the State's charity, *or plunder, which is the same thing*, to depend upon. At present, however, these gentry, when they do earn anything, are paid by their Sections for defacing royal or Aristocratical or Religious monuments.

*Feb. 20th.*—The incredible slowness of the Austrian Court and the vacillation of the Prussian seem to take away



all hope of a real victory. Whatever Government be in power, the French people will fight for Independence. It is the only thing upon which all are agreed. But any serious reverse of French arms would be followed by the establishment of a military Despotism in the hands of some one General, who would then either declare for the old Monarchy or make himself King with full powers to save the State. One hears continually of the "factions de l'Étranger;" no accused person is brought to trial without being "in the pay of Pitt and Cobourg." Both are, of course, equally false, as I have the best reason to know. And the Emigration has no money to distribute. The French Government, however, has money to distribute in the smaller foreign courts. I have recently been assured by F—— that one of the Piedmontese Secretaries

is in their pay.\* The winter has been the mildest I remember, with the exception of a few slight frosts at Christmas-tide. It is an infinite blessing, for this people would die by hundreds if, as may even yet happen, a month of hard frost should come. There has been no suspension of mason's work from this cause since my return.

*Feb. 27th.*—I have just learned from V——† that, more than a month ago, he had information from St. Omer's

\* Probably incorrect. During the time Deforgues was at the Foreign Office (June 21, 1793, to April 2, 1794) the Secret Service money was almost entirely spent upon Revolutionary work at home. (Masson, "Le Département des Affaires Étrangères pendant la Révolution," p. 300, n. 1.)

† I thought, at one time, that V——, to whom several references are made, was possibly Samuel Vaughan, of whom occasional mention is made in contemporary documents, but am now rather of opinion that he was more probably an American subject in the service of Gouverneur Morris, the accredited agent of the U.S.A.

that our imprisoned countrymen and women there\* are being treated with the utmost rigour. His correspondent implored moneys in the first place, as many are almost destitute of the common necessities of life; the ladies are confined pell-mell with the men, and even the sheets which they endeavour to erect for the sake of privateness are torn down. They have been compelled to dance at the *Republican festivals*, even at that for the celebration of the *Recapture of Toulon*. Such conduct towards persons who are not only not prisoners of war, but merely private individuals who foolishly remained in France, on the faith of a public decree of the National Convention, is only paralleled in *Turkish annals*. Yet it seemed that these poor persons had two greater evils

\* It is unknown to whom reference is here made.

to dread, one, that His Highness might \* advance from Dunkirk, in which event their instant massacre was probable; the other, that they might be transferred to Arras, where there is a bloody Tribunal sitting under a savage ex-priest called Le Bon. There was a great seminary and school of English priests of the Catholick faith at St. Omer's, long established there; this is, of course, now broken up, and the poor boys, for the sole fault of being of that Religion and that Nationality, are imprisoned, and like to be starved. I cannot but think that acts like these will visit themselves on the head of this bloody Government. It's after all no great concern of the Powers what a Nation may choose to do

\* The Duke of York had long ago raised the siege of Dunkirk (Sept., 1793), but was not yet in retreat towards the Dutch frontier; the allies still occupied a great part of the Netherlands.

in its internal polity; but Europe is interested in all keeping to the *laws of civil warfare*.

*Mar. 1st.*—Last night to a concerto at the Lycée des Arts, to hear Madame Bellicarde play upon the harp; it was a pretty performance, but a very small number to listen.

The precautions to prevent food being smuggled out of the City are very considerable, yet one sees not why any should be tempted to do so\* when the price is so much higher within the barriers than outside (for *the Maximum* no serious man of business cares a *figo*, until he is denounced for violating it; and as he will be pretty surely denounced whether he violate it or no, he finds it better to have in his

\* (*Sic*) The haste with which these pages were written is constantly marked by elliptical sentences of this kind, as well as by the handwriting.



pocket wherewithal to bribe his denunciator). There's a vast amount of printer's ink wasted in posting on the walls all round the market how Citizen this or Citizeness that has been fined half his or her substance for violating some trumpery fraction of this unjust Law: and how he has been compelled to bear the cost of printing a hundred or a hundred and fifty copies of the placard retailing his iniquities. *V'là comment on fait peur.* For my part, I do not believe in the stories of *accaparement* of which one hears so much. Certainly, if they were true, and provisions were smuggled out of Paris, there is nothing in the *river-chains* and the feeble light of the *Réverbères*\* along the *quais* to prevent it. As for any order being kept by the Blues at the ports and barriers,

\* Lamp-posts.

it's absurd. I saw a most entertaining scene not long ago, on the Tournelle, which proved their insufficiency: a boat coming down laden with wine was pilaged and sunk in the shallow water; the guards, themselves taking part and rushing into the water up to their knees, broke open the head of the barreeks\* with their pikes. Similar events are of daily occurrence at all the barriers. Take the following, which M. Armand saw a few days since: At the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, a peasant's cart, laden with butter, eggs, and vegetables, arrived from the Bourg la Reine road at six in the morning. The Blues on guard were asleep or drunk, but a crowd of women inside undid the *grilles* with the keys which they stole from the sleeping men. The instant the cart was inside it was

\* "Bariques" or "barriques."

invaded by the very women who had opened to it; the villager, a stalwart man, was flung in the mud, and the whole contents plundered, the women fighting like starving tigresses for the fragments. One of the foremost of these slipped from the cart, and the wheel passed over her wrist and shattered it, but none of the rest heard her cries. It cannot be expected that the most ferocious penalties will long induce men to bring provisions to a City which receives them in this manner. Now that the Colonial wares have ceased to find their way to Paris or France except through the channel of the enemy, or by the extremely costly and round-about trade with the Hanseatic towns, Paris has nothing to send to her tributaries in return for bare subsistence: and the Agrarian Law, little as it is observed, has killed every spirit of enterprise.

3rd.—They are making bread now of dried pease, and perhaps the last jest we shall hear on French lips will be this “carême republicain.” Wolves and foxes have multiplied extraordinarily in the wilder provinces since the abolition of the game laws, contrary to all expectation, and great complaints are made of their ravages among the flocks. But this is a natural result of the land that is gone out of culture owing to all Capital being eat up, or exported, or hoarded. I am told it is no uncommon thing to meet flocks of sheep or pigs that have run wild for want of an owner, and had the luck to avoid the Requisition men. Wages do not keep pace with the advancing dearness of provisions, *maximum or no maximum*; they are now for skilled masons and carpenters about six livres a day; but this will purchase less than two livres at the commencement

of the Revolution. Continual demands for rise under threat of not returning to work. The *forty sous*, which those who make a declaration of indigence obtain for attending the Section meetings, are almost invariably spent in drink during the meeting itself. The baking of paste wares and the wearing of hair-powder have been forbidden; and the abandonment of the latter elegant fashion, which began in the late King's reign, is now almost complete. (I notice also, by the way, the complete abandonment of the use of *muffs*: even in 1790 the very beggars in the street affected the muff.) The lack of provender for the beasts and horses is one of the most serious questions. A weekly allowance is supposed to be allotted to horse-keepers, in the Rue de Seine, but there is never enough to go round, and the very Government Courriers have

to put their horses on short commons. The sole object of vendors, in such times, is to be able to live; and herein is seen another evil result of the abolition of Game and Fishery Laws, for every one kills all that he can for the present, and destroys far more than he has a chance of selling.

*Mar. 4th.*—The enormous number who left France in '89 and '90 expected to return victorious in a few months to their lands and their personal property, and for that reason a great many men concealed such valuables as they were not able to carry with them. Now their furniture is sold, their lands are being rapidly sold and divided up (though as yet largely uncultivated), their *Paris Hotels* are turned into prisons or foundries, and their valets enjoy their discomfiture. I believe it is not uncommon for such men to return in disguise, either to



give a last regard on the relicks of their former splendour, or to fetch away concealed jewels and papers. The employ of coach-drivers, colporteurs, and pedlars of every kind lends facilities for such disguises. The risk they run from their former *valetaille* is enormous; every Police Agent is constantly on the hunt for disguised aristocrats, and the Police are largely recruited from the domestick class.

The Municipality recently ordered Commissions to go round to inquire into the possibility of converting the gardens and public Parks within the walls into vegetable gardens for the growing of pease and beans, and a strict order has been issued against the cultivating of gardens "for luxury," *i. e.*, one presumes, for floral culture. Famine, it is thought, may thus be kept at bay. There is, undoubtedly, sufficient empty space within

the Barriers to raise quantities sufficient to provision the markets. But the more immediate result would be the ruin of the neighbouring Communes, which subsist wholly by the sale of these articles.

5<sup>th</sup>.—Oh equality! oh liberty! A poor tavern-keeper had the audacity to make a complaint at Section to this effect: he had a rude head, which had once represented King Louis, painted up on a panel. Some drunken *patriots*, with that wretch Mahé at their head, broke open his house by night, tore out the panel, and destroyed all the furniture of his little cabaret; and, because the man complained, he was denounced and sent to prison.

The Cordeliers have just decided to continue the issue of Marat's journal,\*

\* The celebrated newspaper professing to be written by "L'Ami du Peuple" (Marat), came to an end at his death in 1793. On the question of its

which had for its object the investigation of the character of Government officers. The brute left a wife \* and a sister, who are said to be quarrelling over the job, or its profits ; but the Cordelier Committee will not let much of the latter slip their own fingers.

7th.—How utterly a failure is that which they call here a *pièce de circonstance*, yet scarce anything else is now played. It was enacted last autumn that the leading theatres should give three times a week tragedies of a *republican character*, and the recent fall of Toulon has been made the subject of a drama, to which I went last night. It would have been hissed off the stage at the

continuation, see Bougeart, "Vie de Marat," p. 315, who is inclined to think that the Cordeliers did not do more than issue a prospectus.

\* An error. Simonne Évrard, who represented herself as "Veuve Marat," was only his mistress.

most trumpery fair in England. I fancy many of the little cowardly shopkeeper fellows spend their evenings at the Theatre rather to escape the reproaches of their wives, whom they must leave in the dark, for, God knows, they can afford neither fire nor candle. Robespierre seldom attends the stage plays, but my Lord Peacock\* is always in full view in the *cy-devant royal box* when a new piece is on, generally with a bevy of harlots. (Talking of harlots, what is Mdlle. du Thé† doing in England? I think she ought to be watched. She was formerly intimate with many of the Clichy gang.) Certain boxes are re-

\* Probably *Berère*, who goes by various nicknames, such as "Vieusac" and "Paon," in contemporary writings. Cf. p. 190.

† There was a courtesan of this name celebrated in the Parisian demi-monde, but I find no record of her being at any time in England. Some information on these ladies in general may be gleaned from Boisgobey, "Le Demi-Monde sous la Terreur."

served for the members of the Committees of Government. Great complaint is made against this, as most of them are empty. The prices in the rest of the Theatre are low, and at many Theatres there is a space for those who pay nothing. I had rather pay two livres, as in the old times for a place, in the second lodges, to see a comedy by Beaumarchais, than listen for nothing to the inane harangues of *Citizen Regulus*. Molière, Voltaire, Racine, and all the old dramatists are *suspected of aristocracy*. Even when Greek and Roman subjects are represented, the heathen Gods are made to speak the language of the *Heroes of the Bastille*: and Brutus is forbidden to call Cæsar *Monsieur*; and the goddesses descend from the wings in *tricolour scarves and drawers*. I remember old Boucher telling me that, before the Austrian war, it was customary for

the Heroes of Antiquity to strut the stage in the garments of the period : and I think it was first under M. Favart that an attempt to represent the real Greek and Roman dresses was made. Anyhow, for twenty years before the Revolution it was universal in France, as it certainly is not in England, to adhere to purity of tradition in such matters.

The morality of those engaged on the stage is, I fear, no higher under the reign of "*Virtue and Terror*" than it was formerly. But how can it be otherwise when the fundamentals of Religion and Morals are sapped by their damnable doctrines ? The increase in prostitution, especially among the very young, has been noted ever since the commencement of the Revolution. It is not uncommon to see children of eleven and twelve years delivering themselves over to this vice. The gardens of the Pal-



ace,\* which were bad enough under the old Monarchy, are now a disgrace to civilization. The rudeness of men to women naturally keeps pace. Formerly the withdrawing rooms, even of the easy women, kept up a pretence of decency and courtesy. Now the Government, while absolutely indifferent to the lowest class of prostitutes, holds as suspect all those who attempt to keep any style. Indeed, it's impossible that such women should not hate the present state of things. Even virtuous women complain of the coarse language and the rude puffing of tobacco smoke in their faces, with which they are daily regaled on the Terrace. The dancing saloons (at which the *true patriot* dances in *boots and mustachios perfumed with tobacco* and with

\* Palais Royal ; though the writer sometimes used the word for the Tuileries, sometimes for the Palais Royal.

*his hat on*), in spite of the Governmental prohibition, shift themselves from place to place, and the proprietors escape with a fine, and probably a heavy bribe. Thus the reign of *Liberty and Virtue* punishes only those who are rich and vicious, not those who are poor and vicious. Coarseness and ignorance are become emblems of *democratic virtue*. So one hears much of debates and plans for Public Instruction to the young, while all around ignorance and contempt for learning and refinement reigns. All the monuments of their past History seem to have become objects of derision to the French; and it must be ever so where the mob rules. Yet the contrast to the intellectual activity of ten years ago is prodigious. At the National auctions the most priceless pictures and books sell for a mere trifle: lucky, too, will be he who can buy back such undamaged. Moreau's great

edition of the playwright Molière, enriched with the beautiful woodcuts of a past age, was sold not long since for forty livres. Oh, shade of Maître Caillard!\* Oh, manes of Gravelot!† Not but what there are ateliers still open. Daubenton, of whom my dear patron Sir Robert‡ talked so much, is still working, and Willer is still alive; but the efflorescence of the Art, which was such a marked feature of the years between the Colonial troubles and the outbreak of the Revolution, is entirely over.

\* A famous wood-engraver of the early part of the century. Hesdin can hardly have studied under him, but may have been taught by one of his pupils.

† Gravelot was a contemporary of Caillard, and died in England in 1772.

‡ Probably Sir Robert Strange, the well-known Jacobite engraver, who was knighted by George III. He visited Paris on the eve of the American war, and obtained an English pardon for his brother-in-law, Andrew Lumsden, who had been the Pretender's secretary.

As the old Academies troubled the Engraver little, so does their new substitute, which they call a *Jury of the Arts*, exercise little control over us. By no means all of these jurymen are artists, and I'm far from saying that this is entirely a bad thing; but some of them, nay, a majority, are quite uneducated creatures from the lower classes, *if not the lowest*. To them the Convention has addressed the task \* of choosing fitting monuments to decorate the Capital: to them the management of the art students at the École.† David is, of course, at the bottom of all this—young Gérard and Le Sueur are of it: indeed, painters predominate—what the devil they know about sculptured monuments I have yet to learn; they have ever despised the *Sister Arts*, and arrogate to

\* *Sic.*

† Des Beaux Arts.

themselves to do so, because their own art is the more popular. I have real cause for complaint, when I look at the hideous statues they are every day putting up, the beauties they are every day destroying. The destruction of Louis XIV. with Desjardin's beautiful groups can't,\* it's true, be wholly attributed to this Government or this Jury.

*Mar. 10th.*—News! news! Hébert and all his associates, it's uncertain how many, have been arrested, and the one excitement of the hour—since my return to Paris I have known nothing like it—is whether they will be condemned. If they are, we may look for a bloody insurrection of the suburban *Canaille* to save them. With what joy must they in the prisons greet the arrival of such

\* A celebrated statue in commemoration of the victories of the "Grand Monarque."

a batch of rascals, who have so often preached the "clearing of the prisons," "the new September," and the like terrible words! The Government is undoubtedly in earnest, and, should it triumph, may rivet on the neck of France a Dictatorship or a Triumvirate. So completely has Hébert's party dominated all the minor offices of state, that, if they have any cohesion, it seems impossible that their rising should fail. The man has been deified by the lowest scum of democracy. His death might be the beginning of a *return to common sense*. The wildest rumours are afloat, and it is even said that all the windows of the St. Honoré are already let, a week in advance, to those desirous of seeing him pass to the scaffold. If so, the gazers will pay with their lives for the sight. Yet I cannot tell, for the fickleness of a democracy is only equalled by



its cowardice, and the idol may be broken by the idolaters.

*16th.*—This is the sort of occupation of the Legislature of the *freest people on earth*, an Assembly (which is for ever railing at our Parliament as a horde of slaves and courtiers who spend all their time in fulsome eulogies of their Monarch): a few days ago V—— happened to be in the North Gallery, when an old man was brought in who had served in the Austrian wars, and gave a grand account of the *martial exploits* of his son, now serving in I forget which Army on the frontiers. The old man, with the spittle running down his chin, told stories of the gigantic stature of the various *Coalised Tyrants* who had been impaled on the sabre of his gallant offspring; *enfin*, on encountering the cranium of some obtuser tyrant, the sabre had broken in half: may it please the Na-

tional Convention to *give him a new sword!* "Receive, grand relick of an age when no rewards were given," replied the President of the Convention, "the *grasp of fraternity*; thy demand is granted!" They have always half a score of old fools in readiness to be made a raree-show of like this.

*17th.*—A week of intense agitation owing to Hébert's trial; the excitement of men's minds may be guessed by the fact that, when a number of houses in St. Antoine were found a day or two ago marked with a *red cross*, the inhabitants fled from them, and sought shelter at the Town Hall. It was probably a mere prank to cause terror. It seems that a great number of names, well-known in the Revolution, will be involved in this business to their hurt. Pache and Santerre will be at pains to clear themselves. Were *I* to turn de-

nunciator there is more than one of my fellow-employés I could send to the scaffold. As for the accusations of "intrigue with England," we know what that is worth; but that the accused have speculated in Government paper is undoubted. M. Bouchotte has made a large fortune by it. The enormous increase of the forgery of the Assignats has, of course, been traced to Hébert; and one of the very men who now sits on the Tribunal jury has himself been in prison for the crime, and only managed to escape by betraying his associates. The German Koff\* is supposed to have been the centre of Hébert's foreign intrigues; he held banquets for his friends

\* Hesdin probably means the Dutch banker, Jean Conrad Kock, who was a member of the Dutch Revolutionary Committee, and was executed with Hébert. Paul de Kock, the celebrated novelist, passed as his son. (See Morse Stephens, "Orators of the French Revolution," vol. ii. p. 513, n. 2.)

at Passy; but the Cordeliers Club is the real centre from which danger is to be apprehended, and there all is evidently preparing for a fresh revolution.

21st.—It is over, and the worst fears of Insurrection over with it. There were nineteen other persons, one being a woman, brought to trial at the same time. A more damnable set of rogues never disgraced a civilized Capital. A few threatening letters to the jury—no sort of expression of sympathy from the mob for their Idol. And it is this which fills me with more loathing and terror of this cowardly mob than anything else. If they will not strike for Hébert, for whom or what will they strike? *Only for and never against him who displays courage and firmness.* A few rounds of cannon shot in 1789, and the world would have been spared the horrors of

the last five years. *Oh, Posterity, de te narratur fabula !*

If the popular voice speaks truth it is an old *Jacobite turned Jacobin*, the infamous municipal\* Arthur, who has contributed most to turn the day against Hébert at the Town Hall ; but it means the breaking of the power of these men themselves. There has been a duel between the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville, and *faute d'une insurrection* the former has won. Whether Mademoiselle Lacombe† has anything to do with Hébert, I don't know. It may be she only finds *her trade slackening here* ; any way she is to appear on the stage in the Northern Provinces. She is one of the worst leaders of the female Jacobins, and perpetually haunts the Club Gal-

\* Arthur was a paper-manufacturer of Irish extraction, guillotined 12th Thermidor.

† A famous courtesan.

leries. It's said that the Municipals intend to render the granting of passports to players much more difficult, with the vain hope of getting some few of talent to accept of employment in the Capital.

25th.—I went yesterday to see Hébert killed. The executor\* was very brutal, and struck him repeatedly, but I fancy the beast was either drugged, or paralysed with fear, or perhaps dead already. The savage joy of the enormous crowd (who so lately carried him on their shoulders) was as fearful a sight as one could imagine; the question is, is this a victory for Order or not? I cannot yet tell. Hébert's party, while unquestionably the worst and unquestionably the least solid, is yet the largest of contemporary factions, and the death of its Leader has added a new motive—

\* *Sic.*



revenge. Its weakness consists in having no definite aim. To destroy the Convention and "make a new second of June," as the phrase goes here; well—but afterwards? Plunder and places for themselves. But their continual cry, that the Convention is a pack of rascals or cowards, is too true to fail to penetrate the popular ear some day.

*28th.*—I suppose they are betting in the clubs in London upon the date when the Bankruptcy will be declared; but I think this Nation will suffer all things first. The Emigration is continually accused by the public voice of emitting a fictitious Paper as well as forging that of the Convention; but though the latter accusation may be true, I see no possible use for the former, since the Royalist disasters in the West. It is, however, possible and probable that a great number of forged As-

signats are in circulation, besides tradesmen's tokens for purposes of barter. The great number of Provincial mints which existed before 1789, and their staff of officers now reduced to poverty (for though all old officials of the Royal Government are supposed indemnified, those who did not capitalize their pensions have mostly experienced the *Punick faith* of Republican masters), would account for the ease with which such forgeries were made. Besides, a great number of royal bank-notes of Louis XVII. were issued from Châtillon,\* till the presses were broken up on the entry of the Republic's troops in the autumn; and many of them are treasured, though probably not circulated, by such as still look for a Restoration. But were the quantity of forged paper far

\* Châtillon-sur-Sèvre, the place where the Vendéan treasure-chest was kept.

greater it *would not accelerate the Bankruptcy.*

31st.—I have now, since the return of my Nantese friend,\* become much more interested in Political matters. He is undoubtedly deep in the confidence of the leaders, and, as he is utterly without scruple and a man of keen intelligence (he was educated like Billaud, Chabot, Siéys,† and many of the more successful Revolutionists, for a priest), I have made it my principal aim to devote him to the service. I never see his face without being reminded of a cat; but I cannot believe that he is as devoted to

\* I have given some reasons in the preface for the supposition that the "Nantais" several times referred to is probably Fouché, afterwards the celebrated Police Minister. It was just at this time that he returned from his mission to Lyons, and recent evidence all goes to prove how much he was implicated in the intrigues which overthrew Robespierre.

† *Sic.*

Robespierre as he professes (even to me) to be. The natures of the two men are too similar (though all the balance of ability is *on our side*), and should any attempt be made, which I do not however at present look for, to overturn the Government, I shall expect to see my friend in the forefront of the battle. His intimate friendship with Javogues\* seems to be incompatible with any real belief in his mind in the stability of the present state of things. In any coming struggle, however, Billaud will be the man to reckon with: a pale, cold, thin-visaged man, with a trembling, convulsive twitch of face when he speaks or listens. Collot and Barère will, I

\* *Javogues* was a Convention man, who was associated with Collot d'Herbois and Fouché in the massacres of Lyons. He appears to have belonged to the extreme Terrorist party, but to have been a bitter enemy of Robespierre and Couthon. He was shot in 1796 for a share in the Grenelle plot.

fancy, count for little. The former is a hot-headed debauchee, without faith, honour, or morality; lives, utterly abandoned to fornication, in Rue Favart.

*April 1st.*—After the prodigious excitement of the last two weeks, the arrest of Danton and all his party has fallen almost unnoticed. But, my God! to what a pitch are we come. And I am uneasy for many reasons, besides the suddenness of the blow, which has probably prevented L——\* from destroying his papers. I have been told that Danton spoke English fluently. I

\* L—— may be Lacroix, an intimate of Danton's; *vide infra*, April 11th, "the two thousand bank-bills which went with my friend of the old Cordelier party." This seems to point to some relation between Hesdin and the Dantonist party, which makes me doubly regret the loss of the journal after the 20th of July. The Dantonists were undoubtedly the "old Cordelier party," so called after Camille Desmoulins' newspaper of that name.

have never seen him except in the Convention and at the theatre: he has lived latterly almost entirely at Sèvres, and taken no part in politics. His name, however, would still be one to conjure with if the successes of the Government against the Hébert party had not annihilated all hopes of resistance. He will die like the rest. The writer *des Moulins* is involved in the same plot. I had thought him an *affidé* of Robespierre.

If I had any hope of peace and order returning it would be only when the tail of the defeated parties should unite in vengeance for the death of their Leaders. Danton's party is far smaller, but in men of force probably far stronger than that of Hébert. But I have not seen F——\* since the news, and can

\* This F—— is not Fouché. F—— is mentioned several times before Fouché's return to Paris.



only guess that the thing\* was planned in the Government Committee in the deepest secrecy. *King Maximilian*† is not always master of himself sufficiently to hide his mislikings. F—— told me that at a dinner at Venua's, given by Barère, he was extremely rude to his host. Yet I cannot fancy *the Peacock* a serious candidate for the Dictatorship, which, since the event of this morning, all now consider inevitable. Nor is Robespierre exactly the *King of the mob* as Danton and Hébert were its Kings; he has rather risen to the top by pandering to the lowest of the *petite bourgeoisie*, and representing himself as perpetually in opposition to all existing Governments. Yet so absolutely has he himself governed (as the events of the last three months will prove) that

\* The arrest of Danton.

† *Sc.* Robespierre.

all eloquence, all talent, all fortune, all intelligence, which will not entirely subserve himself, is to be destroyed and swept from his path. Suspicion of everything and everybody is his only active principle. His own colleagues in the Committee *must* hate and dread him; it is impossible they should not. The only friends he has are men like Viot\* and Darthay,† and Antonelle;‡ and probably, if one knew the truth, even among them suspicion reigns supreme. M. Duplay§ has a daughter who commonly

\* *Viot* I cannot identify.

† Darthay, or Darthé, was from Calais. He was imprisoned after Thermidor, and afterwards was involved in Babœuf's plot, 1797, and executed.

‡ *Antonelle* can hardly be the Marquis d'Antonelle, who, though a Conventional and a member of the Jury of the First Revolutionary Tribunal, was imprisoned by the committee late in 1793, and only came out after the Thermidor.

§ The small tradesman with whom Robespierre lodged, 366, Rue St. Honoré.

passes for his\* mistress. I don't, however, believe he has a mistress. 'Tis said, his name was whispered as a loose liver in '89, but now his room contains nothing but *portraits of himself*, and that he lets himself rather be adored by women than enjoy them. The wits, however, call this young lady *Cornelia*, and many grosser names.

*April 2nd.*—It is wonderful weather: all the trees in bloom six weeks before their time, as if the smile of Nature meant to mock at the horrors of Mankind. I wonder if Mr. Payne can see any trees from *his window at the Luxemburg Palace*. I have not laughed so heartily since I came to this city of death, as at the notion of his imprisonment. He is said to be moving heaven and earth to get himself recognised as an *American*

\* *Sc. Robespierre's.*

*Citizen*, and thereon liberated. He was imprisoned on the fall of the first Republican party last June, and has now been in durance some months. The minister of the American States is too shrewd to allow such a fish to go over and swim in his waters, if he can prevent it; and avows to Robespierre that he knows nothing of any rights of Naturalisation claimable by Mr. P. 'Tis, to my thinking, a mean thing to go from country to country stirring up sedition, and then, as soon as he reaps the true reward of his deeds, to claim citizenship of some other [ \* ]. And it is quite certain that the man is now a French Citizen, so far as a solemn vote of the National Convention can have made him one. True, it may be an objection that he cannot speak French (I

\* Country.

have repeatedly heard V—— say that his speeches in the Assembly had to be interpreted); but no more can several of the other scoundrels who print sedition in English in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs to tickle the ear of Mr. Tone and Company.\* Even in prison, they say, he is generally drunk. They won't let him out. This Government means to govern, not to be *Tom-Payned*. Another proof of this is, that since the 17th of March the acquittals of those official persons who are accused of plundering the public purse are much less frequent. Before Hébert's arrest, for one of these vile creatures executed there were three acquitted.

*3rd.*—Just returned from a brave de-

\* Probably Wolfe Tone. There was an English press in the street mentioned, which was largely used for maintaining relations with the United Irishmen.

bate in Section, on a new proposal with regard to granting the *civic cards*. The plan to be adopted is, that no person should be allowed to appear as a witness who had any direct or indirect connection with the Principal: an excellent rule; and further, that no *illiteratus* should be allowed to witness. As one would expect, there was great opposition to the latter; but we are tamer now than we were in February,\* and both were carried, being understood to be *de par le Roi*. The prevailing *candle famine* leads to the early closing of section meetings at present. It's lucky that summer is coming on, for both wax and tallow have disappeared.

I went a long round by the Quays

\* The section of the Panthéon probably contained many Hébertists, and the fall of their leader would account for their being "tamer."



on my way home. There were a few groups at the street corners engaged in discussing *l'affaire* Danton. To-night I felt sick and weary of life, and wished to God my head was *in the basket*. The very paving-stones smell of blood, and the river seems to run blood. Not a group of chatterers to-night, but there were two or three Government agents listening for the least sign of sympathy with an accused person. The number of houses to be let is most astonishing, especially in the old strangers' quarter; and the shuffling of the population since the commencement of the Revolution must have been very great. The better faubourgs, and such places as Sèvres and Meudon, are nearly deserted.\* The wonderful medley of classes that inhabited St. Marceau, where all

\* He says elsewhere that the villages round were nests of thieves (*vide* June 29th).

the little out-of-the-way trades of Paris were thronged, remains much the same. On the contrary, the *Quai de l'Hôpital*, where not a decent person could be found in the old days, is full to overcrowding. The *Arsenal garden* is a wilderness. The filth in the streets is as great or greater than ever; but the splendour that was always hard by the filth is gone. Even the great chestnut walk in the *Elysian Fields*, once the resort of all that was gay and gentle, is encumbered with ordures. The old City Magistrates did little enough to keep Paris clean, but it did not allow pigs to be killed in the streets and their blood to swill into the kennels, nor heaps of dung to be accumulated for weeks at the corners. One of the filthiest quarters is the new district, which grew up in the late King's reign, almost opposite the Palace, after the Old

Blind Hospital and Church\* were removed.†

7th.—It is rumoured that the English Fleet is again in the neighbourhood of Corsica, and that an attack upon the principal fortress of the island, Bastia, is hourly expected; if it is pushed with vigour it must succeed. The inhabitants may not be favourable to an English occupation, but these brave and ignorant mountaineers are *fanaticks for their religion*, and would welcome any defenders of it. It would be a fine thing for England to seize the Island and make

\* The Church and Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, transferred to the "east end" by Cardinal Rohan, 1779. It was intended to make a grand new "quarter" in their place, but the design was never carried out, and innumerable little slums grew rapidly up instead. The reader should consult that interesting work, "*Paris à travers les Ages*," for this and similar references.

† It is to be noticed that no allusion is made to the execution of Danton, April 5th, in the Diary.

a commanding position in the Mediterranean Sea. It is to feared, however, that such a proceeding would enhance the jealousy of our Spanish Allies, which was so lamentably displayed, if what the French newspapers say is true, at the rendition of Toulon. But attack Corsica or not, Lord Hood must be kept strong in the Mediterranean if Italy is not to be overrun by the French speedily.

M. Chenier, who is the one passable dramatist left, has had a tragedy called *Timoleon* mutilated, and, after three representations, hissed off the boards by the agents of *the Faction*, because some reflections appear to be cast on the Government by a passage indicating that History has given instances of *Tyrants without Crowns*. So the Theatre is gagged. The Prints, too, are utterly stifled. The *Gazette* is nothing but an organ of Ministerial Edicts;

under Clavelin, the new editor, it is hardly even ferocious enough to be amusing. The *Journal de Paris* survives somehow, but it is at the lowest level of dullness, and differs little from a bulletin of the Revolutionary Tribunal. My newspaper is the *Montagne*, which used to be edited by that rogue Lavaux.\* It is now by Valcour and Rosuseau; but I expect Lavaux is still at the making of it. It contains the opinions of the Club,† and is fairly entertaining. Its Foreign News is, however, the most stupendous mass of lies imaginable. There are also little ephemeral prints, which change their names from week to week. Even a Government organ, *The Public Safety*, fed for a long period with public money, was suspended the other day, because

\* The *Journal de la Montagne*, edited by Charles Laveaux.

† Jacobin Club.

its *name* had become offensive to the *Majesty of our Rulers*. But, indeed, there is ten times more sedition printed at Ridgeway's\* every week than would be allowed here in a year. The most complete establishment of the Tyranny of the present Government has just been received by Paris and France without a murmur, and almost unnoticed; the Convention has decreed to abolish the Executive Council of Ministers, *the oldest body in the Republick*, created *near two years ago*. 'Tis true, their offices have been mere pension-sucks a year since, but the twelve *sub-committees* which will replace them are avowed to be mere nominees of the Government, whereas the former really were named in the Convention.†

\* A London press, used by the Revolution societies in England.

† This is a mistake. The twelve Commissions of



11th.—The cup of these bloody rascals runs over! Madame Desmoulins will be avenged. A gentler, simpler creature never breathed. Every fresh female execution, I notice, if it is not that of a *cy-devant*, rouses more and more secret hate against Robespierre. The peculiar horror of cutting off the head of a young and beautiful widow, whose only crime was to seek to speak to her husband in prison, can be due only to him. Hébert's widow, a prostituted nun, suffered with her, and *the great Lord Mayor Chomette*,\* for whom, I think, few will be sorry. But why should Chomette be sacrificed, when Pache is spared? for he must have been possessed of much more ample means of bribery. *One is not Lord Mayor in a*

the decree of 12th Germinal were to be named by the Convention on the presentation of the Committee of Public Safety.

\* Chaumette.

*democracy* for nothing. But the term of Pache, indeed the term of every one, cannot be far off. My own obscure head feels very loose on my shoulders since the two thousand bank bills that went with my friend of the *old Cordeliers' party*.\* It certainly will be a mean thing to be left alive! The *high and mighty princess Guillotine* has recently taken to speaking, as well as acting. I bought at Petit's, a few days back, an account of the late trial, together with an address of *Mrs. Guillotine to her faithful breechless ones*; it's easy to be witty at the expense of the proscribed. It is the work of a prison spy called Dulacque. Such literature is indeed terrible to contemplate. I see signs, however, that, if *the Terror* is to be maintained, such literature is necessary.

\* *Vide supra*, April 1st.

For instance, nothing is more common than for women to faint at the sight of the Guillotine, especially those with child; and one hears horrible stories of children being born with the mark of a *lunette* on their necks.\* People are beginning to desert the quarter of the Place,† or to close their shutters when the death cart comes by, though not unfrequently the brutal mob has broken the windows of those who dare to do so; and though it has become necessary to station guards to prevent the street urchins from leaping on the scaffold and playing there.

The terror exercised by the *vile class of domesticks*, who incessantly extort

\* The semi-circular "Window" of the fatal instrument.

† Place de la Révolution, *ci-devant* Place Louis XV., now Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine stood until May.

money by threats of denunciation on their own masters at the least sign of pity for the victims, is one of the most degrading features of the Revolution; such persons have, of course, the ordinary *appetite of the vulgar for the horrible*, yet many such persons I am compelled to greet as my daily associates. In order that every one may have a full opportunity of seeing the horrors, the route taken by the death cart on its way from the prison to *the Place* is frequently varied as well as the hour, though it's generally five of the evening. If the streets are blocked, the journey often lasts an hour, and the crowd on the Quays is an unusually fierce one. I have seen a mother *suckling her infant in the death cart amid the howlings of the mob*. But the bravery of the sufferers, and especially of the women, is beyond all praise.

16th.—A pretty ceremony in St. Genevieve's to-day—the replantation of *Liberty's emblem*, a young poplar with its roots much lopped away. It was hung with garlands and ribbons like a may-pole. There was little zeal; all who were present only felt that they were carrying out an Edict of the grim Tyrants at the Palace; yet they performed some graceful dances, and sang hymns to Liberty. There's a regular trade of these emblems. Tripet, the flowerist\* in the Faubourg St. Germain, is the best-known purveyor. He was chosen to fix the January one in front of the Club Hall, and, as it is still alive, it has proved of great advertisement to his commerce.

18th.—Were it not for the wonderful season, there would have been more

\* *Sic.*

deaths from Famine than there have been. The new Edict concerning meat is the theme of universal comment. The distribution is only to be made every five days, and in half pounds; but the utter powerlessness of the Municipals to carry out anything like this system of *rationnement* must soon become evident. The six hundred fat beasts which they profess to slaughter per diem are not killed in a week: to say nothing of the sheep, calves, and pigs. The butchers are to be chosen in each Section by a vote of this corrupt body,\* that is, by bribery—one in each Section alternately is to go to the meat-market and convey all the meat necessary for himself and the others in his section. He is supposed paid ten per centum on his outlay; but his outlay is to be made,

\* The Commune.



not at the market, where his usually sturdy form might enforce a good bargain, but at the Town hall, on the following day. As in the case of the bread, no delivery is to be made except in the presence of a Government spy, called a Commissary. Rations for Government Officers, Hospitals, etc., are to be purchased by another set of Officers, and distributed by them. The eating-house keepers are to be allowed to purchase only what remains over after the daily distributions. I say such a system *cannot work*. In the first place, the only people of whom the Officers stand in serious fear are the Paris butchers—a race of men of great independence and much common interest; in the second place, *the meat is not to be obtained*; and in the third place, no proper account is made that some Sections are more populous than others. In the Sections which

include and border on the principal Government buildings, the eating-houses are necessarily twenty times more numerous than elsewhere. Nearly all Deputies dine at a *traiteur's* of some sort, and dine extreme well; even those who have their rations provided at home, dine and will dine abroad also: and by every species of fraud and bribery, these *traiteurs* are sure, to be served first. Fish, both river and sea is, of course, inordinately dear; but it is still exempt from rationation, and is mostly bought up by hawking women, who sell it from door to door; naturally it is none too fresh. All Paris ate meat under the old Government, and the quantity of foreign meat imported then from neighbour countries is proved by the difficulty of obtaining it now. The cattle are mere scare-crows, owing to the lack of fodder; and the warfare be-

tween the Capital and the surrounding parishes, as to the supply, daily increases. It is indeed hard to compel a butcher, ten miles from the Pont Neuf, to drive his beasts to Paris, there to be sold at a *ruinous loss*; while all the time the *Tarifa which is beginning to be really enforced here* is evaded in the remoter faubourgs. The bread-shops are generally cleaned out and shut by nine or ten of the clock;\* only too frequently half the expectants have to go away empty. How the poorest class live, God knows.

A new emblazonment of Emblems of the Republick is under consideration, to be affixed over the doors of all State offices *and Prisons*. The latter are undoubtedly the most important *offices* of this *State*. The employ will be an useful one for my purpose.

\* In the morning.

29th.—Jambon\* is said to be making preparations for a descent on Jersey from *St. Maloes*, which they now call *Port Malo*. If he can get out of the latter (which we *should look to that he don't*), it may cost my Lord Balcarras† some trouble to keep him out of the former. There's no lack of good pilots in the Breton ports who know the way into Saint Hellyers with their eyes shut. Till we have as good, these damned little islands will always be more trouble to us than they're worth.

The Western Rebellion flickers on. I thought it was all over with the Savenay affair‡ in December. The worst off-

\* Jean Bon St. André, the Member of the Committee who looked after the naval business.

† Lord Balcarres was Governor of Jersey at the time.

‡ Route of the Vendéan army, on its way back from Normandy, at Le Mans (December 12th), and Savenay (December 23rd), 1793.

scourings of Paris are poured on those unhappy Provinces with commissions as Captains and Colonels from the Republick. 'Tis common talk that Danton's friends first made themselves odious to Robespierre by denouncing this Vendéan business, and that Danton begged them to leave it alone. Yet even Robespierre, or his War Minister, has disgraced General Houchet for *ravishing a Vendéan girl on a pile of corpses and then shooting her*.

And still each day the *Holocaust* of victims here increases. Some of the leading *artists in Revolution* go every day to their deaths bound with ropes in the same cart with the noblest blood of France. Yet for the moment the storm seems to have passed by those for whom we naturally fear the most.\* The fe-

\* This again points to the Dantonist party, who

male executions continue to excite sympathy, but indifference becomes more and more the tone towards those of the men. On the 25th suffered some half-dozen young girls, of whom three were sisters, and scarce one over twenty years; and it was because they had been chosen, very probably against their will, to welcome the King of Prussia on his entry into one of the Eastern Fortresses in the year '92.\*

30th.—There are no better news agents than the *Limonadiers*. I drink great quantities of noxious sirrops in the pursuit of *ce qu'on dit* from them; the Profession of these gentry brings them into contact with all sorts of peo-

kept quiet till the end of July, when they avenged their leaders on the 9th Thermidor.

\* *Sc.* Verdun. These were the celebrated "Virgins of Verdun." See Campardon, "Le Tribunal Revolutionnaire," i. 308.



ple, and they are generally indifferent to all but the latest tale of the hour. Few extreme factious among them, yet there are some who sit in the Commune-hall. On the contrary, the worst of the factious, at least in our Section, seem to come from the trade of the *stone-masons*. They are continually in combination to refuse work unless their pay is encreased; and there are indications that this habit may extend to other trades also. When once the temptation to plunder has been cast before the ignorant mob, it is easy to divine that they will not work. The wages of these men has steadily increased for the last few months, yet they continue to demand more.

*May 6th.*—I often wonder if people outside France are aware of the utter disappearance of gaiety which has accompanied this Revolution. The Fête

of the *tenth day*, which has replaced Sunday, is ten times more gloomy than a Sabbath under Crumwell would have been, and without the *religious consolations* which that, undoubtedly, afforded to many minds. I walked to-day under the chestnuts for an hour. The trees here have so far been spared, though in the Bois they have more than half been cut for fuel. The contrast to my youthful recollections of Paris moved me almost to tears. Nothing but the eternal white dust of the streets seems the same. I speak now, not merely of the days of the old Monarchy, but even of '89 and '90. The ferment of minds in the *salons, clubs, and coffee-houses*, above all in the streets, was indescribable. People literally lived in the open air those two summers, and in '89 at every moment were seen horsemen dashing in with news from the Court or the Assembly

at Versailles; orators declaiming on every chair and balustrade on the terrace. *Now* it is the silence of the grave. I was passing down the *Rue des Lanternes* at nine of the clock yesterday evening; there was a small group talking outside a grocer's booth at the corner of the *Marmouzets*,\* not more than five people, but a patrol approaching they all dispersed hurriedly, and not a figure was in sight for the whole street's length.

*Rue de Bourbon—Rue de l'Université*, once the gayest, are now alike silent: even the cryers on the Bridges, even the infernal bawling of the newsboys is diminished to an incredible extent. It is, of course, largely accounted for by the enormous shift of population. The houses of Emigrants are, naturally, sold together with their lands by the State or

\* Rue des Marmousets in the Cité. There was another street of the name in the St. Marceau quarter.

the Municipals; and the houses of those in prison are quite as liable to be sequestered or *requisitioned*, as their word goes, for Government purposes. In the Provinces this is really the rule. No sooner comes *Monsieur le Représentant en mission* with his four horses and his train, than he goes straight to the Château and establishes himself there, breaks down the panels and hangings in search of concealed property, chooses a few of the better-favoured village girls for his travelling hareem, and drinks up all the wine in the cellar. If the *suspect* is afterwards liberated, he does not complain. Lucky if he is not obliged to *sign away a lease of his woods to some faggot-maker*, who may happen to have ingratiated himself with the Représentant. In Paris, however, we have hardly reached that stage, though the gardens of such properties as have not been sold are to be

*leased* to cultivators by the Municipals. To whom M. Lespine made on the subject t'other day a sensible speech *against jobbery!* And it was voted to prohibit all under-leases—meanwhile they hesitate to compel us to cultivate our gardens for fear of the hostility of the neighbour villages.

Of these *Conventionals on Mission*, one hears all sorts of stories, and none more frequently than of their being personated by ingenious rogues for weeks together. There's nothing wonderful in this, most of the Conventionals being originally obscure men unknown outside their own parish, or at least Province.

*10th.*—I seldom go to the Tribunal, but I could not remit going to-day to hear the Princess interrogated.\* Strong language does not make a Cause, nor

\* Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.

the repetition of such terms as *Sovereignty of the People* make the People fit to be sovereigns. However much in theory an Englishman might be a partisan of such terms and such ideas, had he once seen them put in practice, and leading to their inevitable conclusion, he would repent *in sackcloth and ashes*. The crowd of women was unusually ferocious, yet the absurdity and savagery of the Accuser Public's \* language was even worse. I cannot understand how the denunciations of the late Queen as "*Messalina*," "*harlot*," and "*assassin*" can produce effect, yet they evidently gave great pleasure to the audience. Her Highness was the very model of dignity, grace, and virtue, and showed them all, together with the most Christian fortitude, to the last moment of her

\* Fouquier Tinville.



trial. It is too well known that she was no friend to the late unfortunate Queen, yet not a word that could indicate anything but reverence for her memory escaped her. The main point of accusation, which she did not attempt to deny, was that she had treated her Nephew as King, and done her best to prepare him for his High Destinies. I am not here to make reflections on the destinies of Kings, but one might make many on such an end to such a beautiful life as the Princess's. The "Hall of Liberty," as they call the place where these mock trials are held, is adorned in *True Republican Fashion*, with a bust of Brutus flanked by Marat and some other nameless abominations, a table in the middle at which the Notaries sit, and another for Mons. Fouquier. The President and three other Judges are on a sort of raised platform, and in front of them

the accused *stand* in a half-circle, each guarded by a Blue: to make them so stand would be an extreme and needless piece of cruelty were the period of the audiences sufficiently long to admit of a protracted defence. But as it is there are *too many to be condemned in a day* to admit of this. There are counsel allotted for the defence—a pitiful set of low attorneys, who would not dare to show their faces at an English Sessions; and even in them it needs some courage. If they show the least skill in argument or sympathy for their clients, the women and children hiss them; more than one of them has already expiated\* on the scaffold. Nothing but the allotted *eighteen livres per diem* could tempt such wretches to the task. Several of my masters of the Commit-

\* ? expired.

tee do actually attend the Court, and when they are absent there are always plenty of their spies there. Indeed, *Government by the Sovereign people* means nothing but *government by spies, and spies of spies*: and when you have stable boys for judges, perhaps they need spying. If a Judge or a juror show the slightest inclination to mercy, he is denounced at once. The tigers who sit on this *seat of judgement* are not, however, much to be envied. They live in constant dread of assassination at the hands of their victims' relatives: the President of the Tribunal lives surrounded by *spies and armed Blues*, with his doors barred like a siege gate. Indeed, none of the Leaders of the Revolution dares go about the streets unprotected. *King Maximilian* has a regular acknowledged *body-guard* of armed ruffians. 'Tis said the Accuser Public

often receives letters beginning "Vive le Roi!" imploring to be sent to prison, and death, and vilifying the Government and the Tribunal in every possible way. Such instances of recklessness, strange as they might sound in London, do not appear strange to me here, where the life of private individuals has become the plaything of a few factious scoundrels: and where Famine has made life, to all but Government officers, a burden rather than a pleasure. I made an unpleasing discovery at the Tribunal. There must be many of my old fellow-students scattered up and down Paris, but I have as yet met none. To-day, however, I saw sitting as juror, or in immediate proximity to the jurors, one Prieur,\* whom I remem-

\* This may be one of the illustrators of the famous "Tableaux de la Révolution Française." (Three volumes, Paris, 1797.)

ber at the atelier as a mere lad. Luckily for me he lives at the opposite end of Paris, in the *Faubourg St. Denis*. He is a *protége* of M. David's, and affects his school of Historical design; but, from what I can learn, he is principally employed by the booksellers. The Prince of Condé's former librarian, Deingé, is now a clerk in the Treasury Office, but I have no great fear of his memory.

12th.—Réné Vatar\* was in waiting when I had occasion to go to the Committee yesterday, and with much angry gesture declaimed against the allowance of wax which we get for our dies, while he finds it impossible to

\* Master Printer to the Committee of Public Safety, in a position apparently parallel to that of Hesdin. He was afterwards mixed up in Terrorist movements against the Consulate, and sent to Cayenne; died in America in 1842.

procure sufficient candle for his men to work by. There was two hundred pounds of candle requisitioned a month ago, but all has been used. Some of it, no doubt, having gone to grease the pockets of M. Vatar and his crew. I detest this Vatar.

I am truly delighted to learn that the English Ministers have at last decided to suspend the Habeas Corpus\* — it ought to have been done long ago. This will make short work of the *Army of the British Convention ninety thousand strong*, of which they are so fond of talking here.

The local taxes which we levy every week upon the inhabitants of *Section Panthéon* are subjects of constant mur-

\* The bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus was introduced in the Commons on May 16th, but the intention to suspend was no doubt known in France earlier.



murs ; but these are stifled by terror, and do not reach the Convention—small use should they do so ; every Section Committee regards itself as a small Municipality, and no words can describe the corruption and plundering of which these bodies are guilty. The *pleasure of spending the money of other people for one's own benefit* is probably one of the oldest passions of Humanity : it is certainly like to be the last pleasure of which effete Humanity will be satiated. I have seen it exemplified in the administering of poor's relief in *old England* and in the townships of *New England*. But here it is unchecked, for no public opinion dare make itself heard ; and the plunder is a double one, first for *Sectional expenses*, of which no balance sheet is ever presented, and secondly, by their *High Mightinesses at the Town Hall*. Of all forms of jobbery and cor-

ruption, I have always regarded *Municipal Government* as the vilest; and that vilest of all, when the Managers are elected by the lowest popular vote, and are consequently the men with the most brazen faces and the most leathern lungs. These taxes are, however, a rock upon which this *Government by Sections* may very probably suffer shipwreck. The speculation is so enormous and so open. If a man is arrested and detained at the nearest Guard-room for the night, he is mercilessly *fleeced*; if he is placed under *surveillance* at his own home, he is made to pay eight or ten livres per diem for the Blues who guard him; if, by any rare accident, his liberty is restored to him, it will not be under a thousand livres. The old Government was fond of sending men to prison, but at least it did it at its own expense. The Revolution has invented a much more ex-

cellent way: the victim pays now. A poor widow, who had been arrested and set at liberty a week ago, was made to promise to pay a monthly sum of fifty livres, "until the peace should be declared" (a favourite phrase of this people). A man who demanded a writing of account for his payment was threatened with re-imprisonment and driven with blows and insults from the room. It is needless to say that not a liard out of these extortions finds its way to the Town Hall. It is all spent by *Messieurs of the Section Committee* in silly and blasphemous shows in the churches, or in orgies of drunkenness and lust. The system of *Deputations from Section to Section* is also altogether vile, although the overthrow of Hébert and his friends gave it some slight check. Should there ever appear a chance of the *extreme Jacobins* being outvoted in any Section,

they at once send to their neighbours for reinforcement, and a Deputation is sent, which sits and votes at the other Section, though without a shadow of right to do so.

16th.—There's no doubt of the thorough intention of the French Government to dominate the life of the French Citizen of the future. A series of decrees has ordered the establishment of a *Government School* in every division of every Section of the Capital, and it's to be extended to every Commune of France. The school-masters *and school-mistresses* (!) are to be paid officers of the Government; the books used for the scholars are to be open to Government inspection. Learned men have been invited to send to the Committee specimens of work suitable for such use; four times a year a report is to be made to a central *Bureau of Education* of the con-

dition of the school; names, numbers, and accomplishments of the scholars; together with the *certificates of civism of the teachers*. Perhaps we shall next hear that the Government proposes to send officers to examine into the knowledge and progress of the unfortunate *Citizens of the future!* I have always understood that Liberty, which they vaunt so much, to be the very opposite of such an *Inquisition* as this. This is but the *King of Prussia translated into Republican terms!* But, of course, it can't be put in force; no Government that ever existed could work such a system with a population of five and twenty millions. But more; the Committee which determined on this plan did also decide that *no further instruction was permissible* beyond what's to be given in these schools. Academies and Universities were stamped as *Gothick*; all knowl-

edge, beyond that to be extended to every kennel scraper, declared to be a *mark of Aristocracy*, and equally dangerous to the *sweet Reign of Republican equality* with the arbitrary power of birth or riches. "The only schools necessary beyond the primary," went on the spokesman of the committee to an admiring Convention, "are the Popular Assemblies, the Theatres, and the Jacobin Club; for there one *learns the Republican virtues*." "I thank thee, Jew," says Graciano, "for teaching me that word;" 'tis there I have learnt them for what they are worth!

20th.—That an attempt at a certain revival of the Religious spirit is abroad is undoubted, and men are everywhere attributing it to M. Robespierre. 'Tis said that his Colleagues in the Government despise him for it, but dare not remonstrate. He knows, however, where



he stands, and that any serious design in the direction of a *New Monarchy* must have for its basis some sort of a Religion. Honestly, he was quite opposed to the blasphemous orgies of the *Feasts of Reason*, which have almost ceased to be held since the early part of the year. Agree with the Catholick Church he cannot. He is said, therefore, to seek to create some form of Worship of his own. But nothing will come of it. I regard the *abolition of Religion*, together with the *utter weakness of the Government*, which was characteristic of the first few months of the Republick, as the real cause which has pushed the people to such excesses. The incredible blasphemies of Hébert's broad-sheets could never have had the vogue \* were we not in a time when all laws, human and divine,

\* *Sic.*

were equally held up to ridicule. However, even the *Temples of Reason* were crowded, especially by the women, to whom some sort of mystery seems more attractive and necessary than to men.

The newly appointed members of the Council for the *manufacture of small arms* have entered on their function; it's supposed that, by putting the Musketry in a separate business from the Foundries, they'll secure more economy and less speculation. There are seven of these Managers with a salary of six thousand livres each, and they are to be assisted by a Council of their own workmen, the first demand of which council will, undoubtedly, be *higher wages*—the commoner sort only obtaining three livres a day at present.

24th.—It looks now as if Italy was to be the theatre of the war. The French arms have already penetrated to Pied-

mont, and there will be little to stop them up to the gates of Turin. The Spaniards are in retreat in the Roussillon, and altogether the prospect is most gloomy. One of the worst features of such a situation as mine is the impossibility of getting any accurate news of European affairs. The Rising of the Polish people is in every one's mouth, but no one knows what is actually happening. One day we hear that Koshuskoe \* has been defeated and killed, the next that he is crowned King of Poland at the Capital, and at the head of a hundred thousand men. That the Powers, *if united*, will be able to complete the conquest, I don't doubt; but the experience of recent events in the West does not point to such a conclusion,† and meanwhile Poland is likely

\* Kosciusko.

† As their union.

to defend itself with the energy of despair. The Cracovians are said to have copied the French, and cast all their church bells into cannons. Another thing that puzzles me is the reported attitude of America to England. The Government here vaunts an *open alliance*.<sup>\*</sup> It's true that their trade is at the mercy of our fleet, and their Minister has not been withdrawn from Paris; but the whole religious and civil temper of those people can't possibly be blinded by the words *Republick* and *Citizen* into imagining this Republick to resemble their own. If there is any disposition of the Americans to attack us, it's more likely to be because they covet the Fortresses on the old French† line, or from a mistaken belief that we are exciting the Barbary States to plunder the *neutrals*.

\* With America.

† Sc. Canadian.

It's said these have lately taken above thirty sail. Mr. Jay is sent to England, I hope, to arrange ; here, one believes, *to declare war.*

I walked to Meudon last evening. I have vainly endeavoured for weeks to discover the secret of the Government works being carried on within the walls of *the old palace* there, but though we have despatched thither several parcels of dies with Republican Insignia, I can't imagine their probable use. They are directed to one *Batellier*, a Convention man, who is reported Manager of the works. V—— has heard, apparently on trustworthy authority, but at second hand, that there is there maintained a *laboratorium* for all sorts of experiments in the *manufacture of Munitions of War*; there are to be *flying machines* to cast shells into besieged towns and the like. I neither accept nor reject

such stories entirely.\* Last winter they fetched deputies from all the provinces to learn the gun-powder trade at the Government factories; but that was carried on openly, and with much parade. *Dufourny*, the Manager, had them brought into the Convention, and harangued in the usual strain of *extinction of Tyrants*, and the like. They even gave public free lectures on the method of the manufacture of powder at the Archbishop's palace.† But I have for certain that the War Minister ‡ pro-

\* It was probably the mystery which surrounded the Château at Meudon which gave credence to the fable about a tannery of human skins established there. In the Musée Carnavalet, at Paris, is a tiny copy of the "Constitution of 1793," which professes to be bound in human skin.

† The old Archevêché on the Isle of the Cité was often used, during the years 1793-94, as a sort of subsidiary Hôtel de Ville.

‡ Obviously Carnot; though he was not titular War Minister, his special function in the Committee was the War Office.



foundly resents the constant interference of *M. de St. Just*, and those who think with him, in the affairs of his Department; that quarrels in the Committee are of daily occurrence, and that the arrest of M. Carnot's orders, and even of his subordinates, whether at the seat of war or in Paris, is the most usual source of these explosions. Saint Just is hardly ever in Paris, being commissioned to the Army, but his appearances always bode evil to some leading personages. Also *Barère* is reported to be deeply discontented. He spends his days in wild orgies at Clichy. When in the city, he dines at Méot's, in the Bons Enfants—the green-room there—with the Thévénin, or some other impudent courtesan of the old *and* the new *Régime*; but he comes to the Committee of nights, and he frequents the house of one *Ville-neuve*, treasurer of the Municipality, in

Rue Rousseau. *Dupin*, one of the worst of his *satellites*, is constantly there, and it seems that through Villeneuve's wife large sums of public money are transferred to Barère. This cannot be unknown to Robespierre, who is all for a parade of purity of administration, and has his spies everywhere. What may be the upshot I cannot tell, but I look forward to an explosion *between the Tyrants themselves* in a very few weeks. St. Just is said to be with King Maximilian; if that is so, he has more courage than any of them, and the blow may be struck, and the Dictatorship announced within the next few days. But the War Minister is a strong man too, and both he and Billaud will have to be reckoned with.

27th.—Here, too, is a piece of news: a man acquitted by the Tribunal who had spoken slightly of Robespierre. I have not read the incriminating words,

and I was not at the trial, but the man is the redacteur of one of the leading news sheets, *Rosselin*\* by name. It is said that *His Majesty* is very much frightened at this accident, as the man passes generally for one of Danton's former followers.

30th. — The excellent M. Houdon,† the sculptor, has been ventilating his grievances in a manner likely *to end in La Force*. He received last year a commission from the Government for a life-sized bronze Statue of the *Prophet of their new Apocalyps*, Rousseau, and had bestowed much labour on that design, and a little while back he learned that our masters had put up the making of the said Statue as a subject of public

\* I have been unable to identify Rosselin.

† *Jean Antoine Houdon*, a sculptor, 1746–1829, afterwards professor at the Beaux Arts. He had visited America, and taken a bust of Washington.

competition, so that his labour's lost. It is said that he turned his *Scholastica*, conceived originally in the form of a Saint, into a *Philosophy*, to save his neck. He now claims to be the only\* who took a mask from Rousseau's face after death, and it therefore seems reasonable he should execute the work. He's too much devoted to the Antique for my taste.

Petit has a beautiful copy of the *Louvre edition* of Buffon, with all the plates, in a fine early state, for sale. He asks an enormous sum—two thousand livres. Far beyond the prudence, if not the pocket, of any man in such times as these.

*June 1st.*—God send the end quickly. The heat of the weather is most oppressive; even when one goes abroad in the

\* *Sic.*

evening, the lack of air to breathe seems a *Judgment of Heaven* on this city. I walked this evening to the Tavern of the Guard, at the Barrier on the Orleans Road. It is a pleasant place, with a pretty garden ; but the disgusting habit of smoking tobacco in all the coffee-houses poisons me. It was formerly the mode to do so only in the lowest cabarets ; it was regarded as a mark of Dutch vulgarity and boorishness. I find many of the *patriot fashions* difficult to assume, but this one impossible, and shall no doubt soon become *suspect* in consequence. All the *Mucios Scævolas*\* were puffing their pipes there this evening. I have news from V—— that his English friends at *St. Omers* have been moved to *Amiens*, enduring the greatest sufferings on the

\* *Sic.*

journey. They are confined there pell-mell with the prostitutes at the Bicêtre; they are fed by the District Authorities, all their money and valuables having been taken from them, and the women subjected to the grossest indignities short of actual rape. Some perished on the scaffold at *Arras*, which was their first halting-place from St. Omer's. Some have died in prison of foul air and starvation; and when some of the English ladies tried to earn a few sous at making shirts, they were stopped at once, as no good Republican would wear a shirt made by an *Aristocrat*. V—— further assures me that he believes there are countrymen of our own in prison in many places in France, but of course I am not in a position to confirm this. He says that even Englishwomen, married to officers in the Republican Army, and thus by the Law of



Nations (as well as the *Law of Nature*, of which these dull Tyrants never weary of prating) naturalised French subjects, have been imprisoned for the mere crime of their descent, while their husbands are at the Frontier!

3rd.—I went to-day, *like a good patriot*, to see King Maximilian installed for his fortnight's Presidency of the National Convention. It was not an imposing ceremony, and I was far back in the Gallery. But the Convention Chamber is *excellent for sound*, very different from the old Riding-school, where the first Assembly sat, and where the noise of the opening and shutting of doors and of footsteps in the wooden Galleries was quite bewildering. The internal arrangements of the room, too, were poor compared to this, which has the seat of the President and the Tribuna face to face, and an excellent light coming from

one large window above. I noticed that a great number of Deputies seemed to have *no fixed seats at all*, but would hover about at the foot of the *Rostrum* (from which the speeches must be made) and thus escape the voting whenever possible by moving from place to place. There not being, as in England, any regular system of *lobbies and tellers*, it's very rare that there are ever a hundred votes cast in any question; and the eagerness, except among *Messieurs of the Faction*, to avoid speaking is even greater than the eagerness to speak, which was so marked a feature of the Versailles Assembly. Then there was not unfrequently some little scuffle on the steps of the Rostrum, between two or three *patroits burning to deliver their country*, and each believing that his own *Nostrum* was the only way to accomplish that; now, patriot or no patriot, each

man only burns to deliver his own head, and sees no particular prospect of doing so unless he can keep it covered up. The Groups of the various complexions, the early Republican party, the followers of Danton, the followers of the Duke of Orleans, formerly so compact and so animated, now appear to have lost all cohesion, and each only seems anxious to be mistaken for *that which none can ever be*, the friend of Robespierre. On his lips, on his smile hang, for these poor wretches, life and death; and were I in that Senate I should dread his smile even more than his frown. I have heard it whispered that vast lists of Proscribed are daily drawn up, but that the Committee find it impossible to agree upon the individuals (among the Conventionals); so they are spared for the moment. Others say that many are spared because more useful as a *solid*

*voting mass* to the Government in their present state of *terror*, than any who might have to be called up in their stead from among their substitutes.\* He who is made daily to feel that the *Sword of the Law* is suspended over him, while he is flattered and cajoled by being told that he is himself a *Sovereign Law Maker*, will never have the courage to strike a blow for Freedom. And there is another way in which fear may operate to produce a continuance of the present infamous state of things; and that is, that the fear of being themselves victims, when the "*Counter Revolution*" (of which so much talk) arrives, persuades

\* One of the radical absurdities of all the early Revolution constitutions was the system of *députés suppléans*, or substitutes, elected in case any members should die during the whole period of the Assembly. Thus it became impossible for by-elections to be held, or for the opinion of the country to be really vested.

the Conventionals that they had best secure themselves, of all their personal enemies at least, against that day. There is in this mock Parliament no real speaking. Most read prepared discourses, and those of the President\* are always of interminable length and dulness, only relieved by vague threats levelled at some *group of persons*, seldom or never at an individual. He has a terrible habit of stopping; just as you think him about to descend, he fixes his lenses to his eyes more firmly, takes a furtive look round, and goes on again. There is seldom loud applause—he is understood to dislike it—but his speech is always voted to be printed and circulated, and the thanks of the Assembly rendered to him for deigning to speak. The *Peacock's* flowery discourses are

\* *Sc.* Robespierre. The Presidentship was a fortnightly office (*vide supra*, June 3rd).

much more loudly clapped. I have never heard St. Just; but they say he is a really impressive orator at times. Practically, F—— says, every serious speech *has to be submitted to the Government Committee before it is made*; and men are found willing to speak from a paper with Robespierre's corrections on it!

5th.—Here is a fact of some importance, and very unexpected. Yesterday, *Monseigneur Rougyff*\* led, at the Convention, a fierce attack on one of the worst of the Government satellites, Lebon, who is murdering at Arras under pretence of *Revolutionary justice*. Lebon used to be a priest, and, like all that sort, when they turn heathens, is

\* Guffroy, a fierce Montagnard and anti-Robespierriist, author of "*Rougyff en Vedette*." The speaking of him as "my Lord" probably refers to some nickname.



of the bloodiest. There's no sort of question he's acting under Robespierre's orders, and any attack on him is a direct attack on the Government. Now, I didn't hear milord in the Convention, where I seldom go, but to-day I happened to be at the Club, on Section business, and witnessed the *second act of the play*; the third, and perhaps more, yet for to come. Robespierre is ill—he *looks like death*—and only made some trivial speech afterwards, and the main line of defence fell to that horrible crippled wretch Couthon.\* It was, of course, no defence at all. Guffroy is probably almost as bloody a villain as Couthon or Lebon, but what is important is that the tigers are quarrelling. Couthon confined himself to denouncing, not so

\* Hesdin means to indicate that Couthon's reply to Guffroy's Convention speech was made at the Jacobin Club, not at the Convention.

much Guffroy, as the poor fool Rousseau\* for inserting in the *Montagne* a fair account of G.'s speech, and then went on to denounce the public prints wholesale—*sold to Austria and Pitt, every one of them*, was the least word he said. It will cost Rousseau his head, and me the only comparatively honest source of information available: but if the opposition are united, it might go the other way. I partly suspect that a spirited article of Rousseau's against the mad old bawd† in the *Contrescarpe* is as much at the bottom of this as G.'s attack on Lebon.

6th.—The *regular* Bureau of Police is in the hands of a Committee of the Convention in which *Vadier*‡ is the lead-

\* T. Rousseau, now editor of the *Journal de la Montagne*.

† Catherine Théot, who lived in the Rue Contrescarpe (*vide infra*, 16th.)

‡ *Vadier*, born 1730, a ferocious Terrorist, quar-

ing spirit. He is almost the only person among these mad *Democrats* who is upwards of fifty years. He has the *entrée* of Barère's *maisonnette* at Clichy; no one knows why, for he is a hideous old creature, and can hardly be acceptable to the *ladies of the harem*; but I note the fact, because it is evident that he who is intimate at Clichy, is not intimate at 366,\* between which the division grows more marked each day. It is therefore certain that Robespierre has a system of spies † of his own, over and above the Agents of this Commit-

relled with Robespierre about Catherine Théot, was the leader in the Lesser Committee; escaped, by great luck, after Thermidor, and died in exile, 1828.

\* Duplay's house in the St. Honoré, where Robespierre lodged.

† Robespierre's principal spy was Héron, already referred to. He began as a mere spy, but rose to be chief of Robespierre's secret bureau. Imprisoned after Thermidor, he managed to escape somehow, and died 1797.

tee of Vadier's, which goes by the name of the *General Security*. These infinite tribes of spies and agents have free tickets of entry to all places of amusement, and are specially entrusted with the task of entangling innocent men in their talk at the cafés and in the gardens. But nothing is more common than for this employ to be counterfeited by *private individuals who have a grudge against others*, and as men are frequently arrested and condemned to death on any man's denunciation, it is impossible to say who is an agent of the Committee, who an agent of Robespierre, and who a mere imitation of either. The insolence of the agents, too, is beyond belief, and is but little counterbalanced even by their venality. How many women have sacrificed their honour to save their husbands, and then seen themselves laughed at for their

pains ! *M. de par le Roi*\* was not invariably polite in old Paris. *M. de par la Loi* is naturally infinitely ruder, and a scoundrel to boot, which his predecessor was not. When a prisoner is arrested it's supposed to be the rule that a complete *inventorium* of his personal property, and especially of all arms and valuables found on him at the time, be forwarded to the Police Committee, who forward a copy of it to the Tribunal before his trial. But, as a matter of fact, not one-tenth of such articles is ever enregistered ; and the plunder pays toll first to the *agent of arrest*, then to Vadier or Héron, or some such other arch-spy ; and very little of it escapes their rapacious fingers to make its appearance before M. Fouquier. There is very little doubt that *Héron and Fou-*

\* Cf. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

*quier* have a perfect understanding, but that Héron is in very bad odour at the Committee. There are other public agents, with open commission from the Committee, who work in a much more public manner; they engage in a regular *hunt for suspected persons* with an armed Patrol in front of them, draw a force round some obscure cabaret, and then, even if the object of their search is flown, seldom fail of an arrest, as it does not look well *in their Profession* to return empty handed; the arrested person is always made to pay the expenses of his arrest. When the various grades of spies denounce each other, as frequently happens, honest men may derive from the circumstance the *proverbial comfort*.

7th.—I cannot but feel that how unstable so ever the French Government may be, there are two things less likely



than its continuance in some Republican form. The first is *any real Restoration of the old Monarchy*, such as is the universal hope of the Emigration. What M. de Calonne's\* *great design* may at present be, I am not informed, or what his communications with our own Government. I should never be surprised at its being of the most desperate. Secondly, if we grant the ultimate success of the Allies with or without the aid of the Emigration, will any lasting peace be established? Will the Monarchy—the old, or the Constitutional, or another—be able to satisfy its subjects or maintain itself on the throne after it has *payed us our wages?*—after it has satis-

\* Calonne, the former minister of Louis XVI., was the principal adviser of the exiled Émigrés, and managed their scanty finance. He was an adventurous man, who has probably been over-severely judged by history.

fied the rapacity of Baron Thugut\* with Flanders or Alsatia, Spain with a new and advantageous frontier on the Pyrenees? I say nothing of our own demands, but it is hardly to be supposed that some rearrangement of the *Colonial Balance* will be avoided. Have we, moreover, done so much to attach the Exiled Princes to ourselves? Was it wise to refuse to receive the Count of Artois to conduct the defence of Toulon? It is upon the bounty of the Empress of Russia that these princes are now living. I mean to indicate that it seems to me not unlikely that the Monarchy, if restored, may once more precipitate France against England and Austria; I would almost say that the Monarchy *might purchase its restoration at such a price. Such a War* would indeed be far other

\* The Austrian minister—the “baleful star” of the first Coalition.

than the little affairs of 1740 and 1756; for I am persuaded that Russia, under this great Sovereign, is of infinitely greater weight than *any other Continental Power*, and a combination of Russia with the *Bourbons restored* might be absolutely fatal to the liberties of the world. Their remote geographical situation, which can never bring them into conflict with each other; their common present indifference to the rules of civilised warfare and the Law of Nations.\* Nay, I sometimes imagine that an alliance with the victorious Republick itself would be far from unwelcome to Her Imperial Majesty. France and Russia could unite to give the law to Europe.

8th.—The great Festival of to-day,† in honour of the *New Religion*, which was to herald in, as I have long believed,

\* *Sic* : the sentence is broken off here.

† *Sc.* the "Fête of the Supreme Being."

the *New Monarchy*, was only a very partial success for our *yet uncrowned King*. It was a pretty ceremony, though nothing in comparison with the earlier Festivals of the Revolution. There was great enthusiasm at first, but mere weariness at last. In a word, the opportunity was missed. If, when the Statue was unveiled, Robespierre had sprung on to its pedestal, declared the Revolution closed, and claimed the crown of St. Louis from over a bristling hedge of *General Hanriot's*\* *bayonets*, the day would have been his. I know that many persons fully believed he would do so. But he evidently lacked courage, or shrank from the consequences of a possible failure; thus the whole thing turned out a mere tinsel performance for the gratification of one man, who

\* The Commandant of the National Guard, executed with Robespierre, 10th Thermidor.

yet is afraid to be gratified in the natural manner. I do not, nor does any one, believe the Revolution to be closed; there are still *seven thousand political prisoners* in Paris alone, and the day passed without a word of amnesty to them. Nor did it pass wholly without murmurs against *the Man* himself. M. Chenier's new hymn\* was admirably rendered by the quire, to beautiful music by M. Gossec. The *Campus Martius* is not in every respect well fitted for a fête: only those in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Mountain*† could hear

\* "Source de vérité qu'outrage l'Imposture,  
De tout ce qui respire éternel protecteur,  
Dieu de la Liberté, Père de la Nature,  
Créateur et conservateur," etc.

(A long hymn of thirteen verses.)

† The contemporary pictures of this festival show a huge pile of earth with a winding path to the top, intended to represent "the Mountain," the party which went by that name being the supposed bulwark of advanced opinion in the Convention.

or see; the *desœuvrés* mostly sat upon the dike which surrounds the plain; there are *Trees of Liberty*, tents, and the like inconveniences which prevent a complete *coup-d'œil* from every corner. It was, besides, an ill-judged thing of the President to keep the procession waiting so long outside the Palace, on an extreme hot day, before he appeared. I, for one, took this for a certain sign that some *great coup* was intended, but it seems that it was only his feeble health that delayed him. I waited at the foot of *the Lucrece*\* for near two hours, and never saw a French crowd so lifeless and dispirited. The *tiger*, then, has *missed his spring*, if spring were intended, and we shall see if the wolves dare turn on him and worry him.†

\* There was a statue of Lucretia in the Tuileries gardens, opposite the Pavillon Flore.

† It is interesting to see that Hesdin omits all



12th.—We have not had long to wait. The plot thickens. *My Nantese friend*, whose devotion to Robespierre I have all along rightly suspected to be insincere, has been directly attacked by him at the Club. He is an ill man to quarrel with, for he has intimate relations with the dregs of all Parties, and will certainly find in the Police Committee,\* if not in the Government, more than one voice to defend him. The strife between the two Committees is grown so great that they scarce meet, says he, without flying at each other's throats. In con-

mention of the traditionary accident, by which the statue of Wisdom was *blackened*, and thus the effect of the fête spoiled. The story is, I believe, first found in Senart's "Memoirs," p. 185. Hesdin's silence is powerful evidence against its veracity. Further, it is to be noticed that his account differs in many particulars from the received ones, especially as to the long time spent in the Tuileries garden before the move to the Champ de Mars across the river.

\* Comité de Sûreté Générale.

firmation of this strife I am now assured that, as early as January, before the fall of the Party of Hébert, some approaches were made by Danton, or at least by his friends, to the Lesser Committee. Danton's secretary wrote a letter (which F—— has seen) to that body, which, under guise of attacking only Hébert, really attacked the Governmental despotism. It can't be doubted that, if this came to the ears of Maximilian at that time, it contributed to the destruction of Danton. He \* lay abroad last night, and will shift from night to night to avoid Robespierre's minions. God keep him far from Rue St. Jacques. All that is certain at present is that the new law † has not passed without the

\* "He" must be the "Nantese."

† The Law of the 22d Prairial, which did away with almost all the formalities in the way of trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

greatest difficulty; and that *M. Bourdon*, and a young man called *Tallien*, but lately returned to Paris, spared no pains to secure an adverse vote. Among those who are working against Robespierre in the matter is also the well-known Jacobin Lecoindre.\* He was a silk-mercator of Versailles and in command of the *National Guards* of that city on the day of the upset of '89. It's, perhaps, a rumour not without truth, that attributes his hostility to Royalty to a *recollection of unpaid bills*; but I believe him to be a "genuine Republican," and, therefore, as things now go, an enemy of the Government. I fear the Queen was too careless in her money matters. Mdlle. Rose Bertin, her milliner, was owed

\* Laurent Lecoindre, called "de Versailles," a leading Thermidorian; afterwards denounced some of those who had acted with him, *e.g.* Collot and Barère; got into trouble for the conspiracy of Germinal, 1795; died 1805.

enormous sums. Tallien\* is a frothy gentleman, hardly of years of discretion; but he is spoken of, under breath, as a *man of his hands*. He was President of the Convention at the beginning of the Hébertist business in March, but has since been at Bordeaux. Be the Government united or not, the Law has laid the Conventionals at its feet. Prisoners can now be tried in masses; counsel for the defence and all other formalities are swept aside, and the inviolable character of the Senate abrogated. I have ceased to keep any account of the executions, and I have not been to the *Place* since March; but the latest details are always repeated in my office the next morning, and it is impossible to avoid meeting

\* Tallien was born 1769. He was, as is well known, *the* leader of the first attack on the 9th Thermidor, owing to the instance of his mistress, Theresa Fontenay, or Cabarrus. He had recently returned from Bordeaux.

the death cart at times. It is said that the guillotine is to be moved to the *East Square*,\* beyond St. Antoine, lest the number of victims and the imperfect arrangements for cleansing away the *horrible results of the executions* should breed a pestilence. Indeed there are constant complaints that the blood from the headless trunks has so fouled the neighbourhood of the new burying-ground in the Rue de Valois as to be dangerous to health; (that by the Madeleine, where the King and Queen were thrown, is full already). There is even difficulty in procuring sufficient quicklime to cast upon the bodies.

16th.—There are all sorts of stories

\* *Place du Trône*, on the road to Vincennes. The guillotine was moved just about this time. It was moved back to the Place de la Révolution for the execution of the Robespierrists. A portion of the garden at the convent of the Picpus was used as a cemetery for this new place of execution.



current about the admiration of the women for Robespierre, and the last is that an old woman of doubtful reputation\* has declared him to be the *Messiah*, and herself his *Virgin Mother*. They say that his enemies in the Committee are working up something more than a laugh against him on the subject. It seems that the old lady holds receptions, and *acts the Prophetess from a Tripod*, assisted by a half-witted monk† and a blooming young widow‡ for *acolytes*—the latter is probably the attraction to those who go to listen to the ravings of this new *Mother of God*. Meanwhile, he§ is re-

\* This evidently refers to the affair of Catherine Théot and Dom Gerle, about which Robespierre's enemies were busy at the beginning of July: she is the "old bawd of the Contrescarpe" of the entry of June 5th.

† Dom Gerle, the Carthusian.

‡ The widow Godfrey, or Godfroi.

§ Robespierre.



ported to be in very ill health; and the lead of his party, if one can call it a party, to be slipping into the hands of St. Just. The latter is bent upon making a clean sweep of the existing orders of Society, and setting the world a-going again on a *purely primitive base*, in which private property shall have no place except for a time. The New World is to be founded on rural institutions: the American rural communities are perhaps in his mind. He fails to understand that such things cannot be *created by Laws*, but must be the effects of long-grown habits of Societies. To give to *every man in France two acres*, and compel him to cultivate it, is not the way to make him happy or a useful Citizen. Is it to be supposed that the inhabitants of the Cities will agree to such a scheme? France has been for many ages divided into *two Nations, the*

*Rural and the Urbane*, and the hatred and distrust of each other, which are mutual, may be seen every day at the Barriers. To shew the lengths, however, to which these fanaticks are ready to go, there is recently published an edict, which is understood to be the work of St. Just, ordering all men *not in actual requisition for the armies* to go and work upon the coming harvest. *Upon whose land are they to work?* Who would employ the vile proletaries of St. Antoine on a clean field of corn? And what amount of work would they do? I would love, however, to see some of these creatures who call themselves *starving workmen*, and who never did a day's *honest toil* in their lives, turned out to *week work with the sickle*, with a good *Virginia thong at their back*; and if that were his meaning, I would proclaim M. de St.

Just a man of ideas. There is, further, to be a gigantic system of poor's relief; on whose pocket to be levied, when there will be no rich men left, doth not yet appear. But it is a fact that, not long ago, M. Barère gravely proposed in the Convention to allot a *pension to every aged industrial person*, to commence at sixty years of age, and for every widow who declares herself indigent, and can present three living children, the same. No poor's house or hospital is contemplated, but all succor to be distributed by agents of each Commune at the recipient's own home. Were such ideas not bolstered up by the inevitable primal necessity of *cutting off the heads* of all those who object or have anything to lose, one could perhaps find a certain wild grandeur in them. To some ages and some peoples they might not have been unsuitable,

but here in blood-dripping Paris, in the middle of the most cowardly populace and the fiercest mob in Europe, enervated by centuries of Despotism and five years of hopeless Anarchy, the way to any peace or new order of things can only be through the *sword, not the sickle*. Also it is sad to record that Mons. de St. Just, for all he holds his head so high as the *incarnation of Virtue and Terror*, was but a *mauvais-sujet* before the Revolution. His father\* was, I believe, a Croix St. Louis, and, after his death, the young man ran away from college, appeared at the widow's house, and disappeared again with the family plate, which he melted down into *filles* and dinners at the Palais, till a *lettre de cachet* shut him up.

17th.—The prophecy that Mdlle. Cor-

\* St. Just's father died when he was an infant, and the whole story has been very much questioned.

day would have imitators is fulfilled, and the streets are ringing with the story of a daring attempt, by a poor girl from the City\* to assassinate Robespierre and Duplay. It seems probable that she is mixed up in the intrigues of that hot-headed fellow de Batz.† It is not true that the death of one man, or of half a score of men, would overthrow this Government; and they are mad who dream it. But, if all tales be true, de Batz is a man who has frequently risked his life in similar projects; and the sceptre which would fall from Robespierre's hands might be seized by some less bloody-minded, or less popular scoundrel.

19th.—Order this day for fourteen hundred millions more of *State paper*,

\* *Cité*, the quarter of the "Island" and Nôtre Dame.

† A half-mythical Royalist baron, on whom the Committee failed to lay their hands. The girl is, of course, Cécile Regnault.



the first since I entered the office. I should guess there be over *ten thousand millions worth* of this so-called money in France at this moment. I do not know upon what guarantee they propose to redeem it; all the land of France would not sell for half the required sum: therefore, though there can be but one result in the long run, be it yet far distant, a *terrible and crushing Bankruptcy*, which will involve all the poor, as well as the few easy persons left, for the present we must live *without money and without credit*. The number of these latter (the easy) diminishes every day, for now that the true Aristocrats are pretty well exhausted as *food for the knife*, those who are newly enriched are to suffer in their turn—sturdy peasant farmers, who have bought up bits of “*national property*,” find themselves involved in some imaginary plot,



and before they have realised their situation, they are under the lunette. As all property of condemned persons *and their relatives* is at once confiscated, it is to the direct pecuniary interest of the Government to keep up the tale of executions. So great is the terror, that, in public and under the eyes of spies and within reach of M. Fouquier, these trumperies\* are accepted at their nominal value. In private, and under the *agio*, I should guess them to be already depreciated far below fifty per centum. Yet, given a War that costs you perhaps *two hundred and fifty millions of livres per mensem*, a starving Paris to feed at another hundred millions, an army of half a million public officers and the most expensive and corrupt civil system the World ever saw—given

\* *Sc.* the assignats.

all this, and no taxes paid, your Colonies in revolt, your Commerce under a cloud, all import except from Switzerland and the Hanseaticks stopped, all private Bank issues suppressed (the *Caisse d'Escompte* went liquidated before my return), and *you have no other way left than to live on paper, which is neither money nor credit.* A vast number of people suffered greatly by an Edict of last autumn, by which all the Royal paper was rendered worthless after the end of the year.\*

21st.—Frenchmen ! your national costume is to be improved ; you are to wear one *more appropriate to Republican morality.* *Citizen David* has been seriously invited by the Government to consider the question, and to design

\* Probably the *arrêté* of August 30th, by which bank-notes bearing the head of Louis XVI. were demonetized after December 31, 1793.

*an universal dress.* The *absence of breeches*, at present only a dream of the orator, is doubtless now to be enforced in practice. Will any substitute be approved? From my present experience of *Republican morals* I imagine not: Mr. Maignol's *eau cephalique*\* may cure these people's *surdity*; it would take more to cure their *absurdity*.

I have just heard of the arrest *en masse* of the Tournelle Committee;† one would have thought that if extreme ferocity of language and declamation could have stood any one in good stead, it would not have failed my good friend M. Testard. It is not long since he

\* Probably some quack medicine for deafness (*surdité*).

† Probably that of the Section Indivisibilité, arrested June 20th. It may have got the name "Tournelle" because the Section contained the site upon which, till 1787, stood Louis XIV.'s arch of Triumph of that name.

payed *us*\* a Decadi visit,† and came near to denouncing us in a body as *suspects* because of Viot's affair. We plied him with wine, however, and sent him and the whole of his Deputation away roaring drunk, and highly convinced of the patriotism of *these braves of the Panthéon*. I don't know the meaning of this move of the Government, but I expect it to be a piece of jealousy between the Montreuillards and the  $\frac{15}{20}$ .‡ It is wonderful when one considers the applause when Hébert was condemned how much life there is left in his tail.§

\* Probably the section of the Panthéon is referred to.

† A "Sunday afternoon call" at their section hall presumably. I cannot identify Testard or Viot.

‡ Section of the Quinze Vingts, adjoining St. Antoine.

§ I can find no evidence which will throw light on this passage. Montreuil was the section adjoining Quinze Vingts, from the Place de la Bastille to the Rue d'Aval.

24th.—There are a number of corn-mills at Étampes, from which the Municipality used to draw considerable supplies of flour. The millers have refused to work, because such work has ceased to be profitable; and the Paris mob is hungry. *The millers shall be made to work.* By what right? By the sacred right that every man in a Republic hath to the property of another!

I am glad that *Rue St. Jacques* is too steep for any to come and *make requisition* of my table and benches in order to spread a banquet in the street for all the dirty blackguards of the Quarter. These orgies, which they call *Fraternal Repasts*, usually end in drunkenness and insult to the women, but in the Sections where they prevail it is a mark of *Aristocracy* to refuse to assist at them. No private drinking of healths is supposed



to be allowed at them; you are to drink nothing but the "*Republican Family*." By all accounts it's pretty well finished with His Highness\* in the Low Countries; they say Ghent, Ostend, and Bruges have fallen, and the French intend for Bruxelles. I hope the Duke has not been cut off, though it's not altogether unlikely. It's evident he co-operated very badly with General Clerfay.†

25th.—I cannot repress a feeling of satisfaction when I hear of the death by starvation of some of the early *artists in revolution*. 'Tis said that M. Buzot,‡

\* Duke of York.

† Clairfait and Cobourg were the two Austrian commanders in the Netherlands, now on the point of being evacuated. One finds throughout the "Miles Correspondence" strong evidence of the want of co-operation between the English and Austrian generals.

‡ Buzot, the celebrated Girondist, and lover of Madame Roland; proscribed in June, 1793, he es-



one of the fanatick Republican party, who was loudest with the Rolands and the Brissots against Monarchy in the year '92, has been starved to death in the South, or, as some will have it, he has taken his own life for fear of starvation. I would rather have come and taken my trial: especially as it would have given him a chance to *set his tongue a-wagging once more, which was the exercise it loved best in life.* Mr. *Brothers* himself could not believe more fanatickly in his credo than did these Gironde gentry in theirs, nor boast of it more loudly. Madame, his wife, will at least not be sorry. She was after a divorce about the time I arrived in Paris, but whether she obtained it or

caped from Paris, and hoped to raise an insurrection in favor of the Gironde. His body was found devoured by wolves, together with that of his colleague Jerome Pétion, near St. Émilion, June 17th.

not, I know not: indeed it costs little trouble.

Will it be believed that there are men who make a trade of hawking about the streets the printed speeches of the favourites of the National Convention, as the confession of a criminal is hawked round his gibbet. There are even booksellers who make a trade of collecting this dreary stuff, in the vain hope that when the *Revolution has devoured its children* there will be any one left to buy the History of the process. A most worthy fool, called Rondonneau—the same, if I mistake not, whose parents shewed much kindness to my brother in former days at Orléans, and who has been employed under several successive Governments in the Library way—was in trouble the other day for some business of this kind: his shop in St. Nicaise has been sealed up. There

is a little black scoundrel\* too, who boasts that he pulled sheets for Marat, and is said to have already made a fortune by selling old numbers of the *People's Friend*; these wares are not at the *maximum*.

29th.—Another great Sectional disturbance at our *Roman friends'*† to the *West*. They have arrested a poor old man called *Lelievre*, who sells old clothes and is drum major of his Battalion, for making a mock at their *left-handed appellation* which all good Republicans ought to pronounce with respect. So dangerous is it become to insult the *Majesty of the Sovereign People*. If Robespierre wants a pack of hell hounds to serve his purpose, he will find them

\* Can this be Collin, mentioned by Croker (iii. 316) as having been in later years one of his agents for purchasing pamphlets, and having introduced him to Albertine Marat?

† Section Mutius Scævola, *née* Luxembourg.

at the Luxemburg. They gravely proposed to *déblayer* the Carmelites' prison the other day, to *make a new September*, as the phrase goes. I have been obliged to visit, during my stay, in the performance of official duties, several of the principal prisons, and the sights that I have seen therein would bring tears to the eyes of any but a Republican. Undoubtedly the most humane, or rather the least inhumane, though the most gloomy, is the *Conciergerie* on the Island. It is in the same building as the *Tribunal of Blood*, and prisoners are but seldom brought thither except on their way to their trial. The late Queen was confined there for a long period however, and some of the early Republick\* party in the autumn of last year. *Mdme. Richard*, the wife of the principal turn-

\* He generally speaks of the Girondists under this name.

key, is a good and humane woman. She shewed me the hair of *Mdlle. Corday* who assassinated Marat, and she says that it is not uncommon for victims to present her with such memorials of themselves. She and her husband were arrested in consequence of some pretended attempt at enlarging the Queen last autumn, but were restored to their posts in the spring. But there are few instances of custodians of this type. The majority of the turnkeys are the most drunken, brutal ruffians imaginable. The utter contempt for all forms of justice since the recent infamous law is well illustrated by the prevailing belief that the lists of the condemned are often *altered by the turnkeys themselves*, that women frequently sell their honor in order to get their husbands' names struck off the list, and that men are executed *without*



*ever being on the register at all.* As for the payments to be made by those who have anything to pay, these are of course exorbitant: the food is supplied by contract by a tavern-keeper from outside; horrible diseases are spread by the *putrid herrings* which often form the staple diet of delicately nurtured ladies and helpless old gentlemen. I have heard of a gaoler demanding a *pot de vin* of eighteen hundred livres from a prisoner to, as we say in England, *pay his footing*; and the rent of a room will vary from twelve hundred livres per mensem down to nothing. My own belief is, that you *could get out of some prisons if you could pay enough.* The smaller ones, like the *Filles Anglaises* and *Saint Pelagia's Convent*, are ridiculously insufficiently guarded; generally five or six drunken Blues, playing dice and smoking with the turnkeys,



form the sole defence ; and visitors are admitted pellmell, if they can fee the entry. The class that fares best in the prisons is naturally that one which is accustomed to them from its youth up, and which spends its time in making them a Hell to those who are not. It is noteworthy that *highway robbery* and all kinds of violent crimes have increased with fearful rapidity under the Republick. Five miles from Paris the roads are utterly unsafe, and the small Communes round, such as Vincennes and Bourg la Reine, are nests of thieves. These wretches are, of course, lodged in the worst styes in the prisons, but so are all who have not the wherewithal to fee : and in the Court-yard all are allowed to mix equally. There is nothing but heaps of straw, infested with vermin and never changed, for the beds of the poor. The Convents of the English

Benedictine and Austinian Nuns, as well as the Scots College, have been made into prisons, and all their property confiscated, and many of the inmates and collegians sent to the scaffold. The blood of the victims\* still stains the walls at the Abbey, and is pointed out with glee by the brutal turnkeys (with a *ça ira*) to any new prisoner who is admitted. By way, one supposes, of irony, in the court-yard of the Force there is an *altar to Liberty*, surmounted by an enormous rough-hewn statue of *Monsieur Rousseau*. There are plenty of priests in prison, but, as there have been few martyred of late, it is supposed that the Government finds them useful where they are, in counselling Christian patience rather than any attempt at insurrection. For

\* That is, the victims of the massacres in September, 1792.

this word *insurrection in the prisons* is the bugbear of the cowardly scoundrels who maintain them. They veritably fear it, and are constantly inventing plots whereby a clean sweep of some prison or other may be made. I do not see what means of conspiracy these poor people have got, and there must be many among them who feel safer within the walls than outside of them. It is not at all impossible for a man to be forgotten in the prisons, as in the old days of the Bastilles and the Castles of If. The utter want of *precautions for wholesomeness* may, however, in such a hot summer as this, relieve the Government of the whole contents of the Force or the Abbey without troubling them to work the guillotine. There is no proper prison hospital, though there has recently been some talk of turning the *cy-devant palace of the Archbishop* on the Island

into such. The prison doctors seem to know but one remedy—the letting blood: doubtless the best and safest of all medicines under ordinary circumstances, yet of questionable advantage when applied to the emaciated bodies of men fed upon such food as these poor *suspects* and deprived of air and exercise to such extent. The probability of a new and wholesale massacre in all the prisons (such as Danton's was), though constantly present in men's minds, does not seem to me to be great. It *may* be resolved in some moment of more than ordinary cowardice by the Faction; it *may* be an essential part of St. Just's scheme for a New France: but there is no need of it. People are being *guillotined* while I write, at the rate of forty, fifty, nay sixty per diem, and not the slightest sign of resistance from the prisons has been

manifested, nay, hardly an instance of reluctance to mount the scaffold.

30th.—The festival held to celebrate the recent victory of General Jourdan \* was a much more spontaneous affair than the great one of the 8th. Yet nothing but a reverse to French arms can bring any relief to us. They say the Austrian Minister† has sold the Low Countries to Robespierre; who knows? who cares? The World outside France seems as incapable as the World inside is wicked. This wicked World is just now inaugurating a new, or rather an old, fashion, *that of wigs*. All the women are to wear wigs; and every one's hair has suddenly become fair!

\* The battle of Fleurus, whereby the Netherlands were for the second time laid open to French arms (June 26th).

† Baron Thugut. For his negotiation with the French Government through Carletti, which may be here referred to, see Von Sybel, vol. iv. p. 340.



Let us talk of wigs, politics are a forbidden topick!

*July 1st.*—The same persistent rumour of negotiation going on by the mediation of an Italian Envoyé. I can discover no more; but F——'s belief is that the affront to the Republic of the arrest of its Ambassador, last August,\* sticks more in the way of an accommodation than any serious tenacity about the Belgic Departments. F—— is, moreover, of opinion that it is not Robespierre who concerns himself with diplomatick, and that St. Just is utterly opposed to any sort of Treaty. The more practical men, *like the War Office Authorities*, would jump at any accommodation with the Eastern Powers which would enable them to turn their whole

\* A probable reference to the imprisonment of Sémonville on his way to Constantinople, in August, 1793.



strengtn against Us. That the Naval Authorities, if one can speak of such as existing in the *utter disorganisation of the French Navy and Dockyard service*, intend a plan of some kind, which may possibly include a descent on Ireland, is pretty sure. The only thing of certain that I can discover, is that they hope, by a few Expeditions against the less protected of our Colonies, to *draw the British Fleet from the home waters*.\*

V—— declares that he has certainty that the *Guinea Coast*† will be one of the first objects, and has sent, by the usual channel, information to that effect. *John Bull* will growl grievously if he wakes up to find a few of his little *outlying valuables* stolen. Meanwhile they make as much fuss over a few

\* Afterwards Villeneuve's well-known plan.

† There was a French expedition against Sierra Leone in October of this same year.

Jersey smacks as if there had never been a Lord Howe or a Battle of Ushant.\* Their cruelty to the captured sailors is always extreme, but it's to be hoped our jolly tars are not slow to retaliate on their damned *chase Marys*.†

2nd.—The Churches continue open with more and more freedom—a sort of contemptuous toleration is professedly extended towards them. Is this the beginning of a return in the direction of common sense or not? For as I have always believed, the failure of the Revolution lies in its *failure to make a Religion*. There may be a few sincere fanaticks in favour of the *Feasts of Reason*; there can be none for the impalpable nonsense Robespierre would

\* The battle known as the 1st of June.

† *Chasse Marée*, a Breton fishing-smack, called a "Chase-Mary" by English sailors.

put in its stead; he will not long fail to recognise this. One of the most amusing things, if anything can be considered so now and here, is to go on *their Sundays* to the churches which are not Catholick, and hear little children, who can hardly speak plain, recite the so-called *Republican Commandments*. I wonder what their idea of a *Tyrant* is; perhaps the schoolmaster's tawse. There is a regular *ordering of service* in some Churches—Our Lady's and St. Lawrence's, for instance; first the hymn of Marseilles—the Rights of Man—not the Duties of Man, mark you—one of Chenier's hymns, the *Republican Commandments*, and a *sermon* from some donkey in a *red cap and a tricolour scarf*, generally a great deal about himself and a little about some recent deed of daring of some young *Hero of the Republic* on the frontiers. So poor is the

invention of us worms! Most of the church furniture is, however, stripped and sold (I attended a great market of it at Auteuil at the beginning of the year). The sale of the church lands continues, together with that of the Nobles of the Emigration, and most of the personal property of the latter has already found its way to the Hôtel de Bullion.\* I have been assured that the Government has disposed of land worth half a million of livres during the past month of June only; but what buyers can be found, except the most reckless of those who formerly lived by the Bourse, I don't know.

*4th.*—The block-houses at the Barriers are now to be called National Monuments, and used for enscribing† in letters of bronze the Acts and Epochs of the Republick thereon.‡ We, *the*

\* The leading auction-rooms in Paris.

† *Sic.*

‡ *Sic.*

*artists of the said Republick*, to be invited to design decorations for them. They will probably be filled with *Barras*\* and *Violas*, who are now the leading favourite *martyrs of liberty*, and have quite supplanted *Marat and Lepelletier*. These Block-houses were no doubt intended at one time to be used as barrack-houses for troops, some of them being very much larger than would be needed for the mere taking of *octroi*. In my younger days they were often being altered. I think it can't ever have been out of the mind of the old Government that Paris might at any

\* Barra was a boy of fourteen, killed in fighting the Vendéans, in December, 1793. Viala, a boy of thirteen, who is reported to have been shot down while cutting the cable which tied together the pontoons over the Durance, near Avignon, June, 1793. Both were buried in the Panthéon, and had a great feast celebrated in their honor, July, 11, 1794.



moment have to be held down by force; the enormous walls——\*

Politics seem to be asleep, and all hope of resistance at an end; the yoke is to be eternal; the bloodshed perpetual, if men can be born fast enough to feed the fire. Vieusac† is buried at Clichy, and only emerges to flatter his brother Tyrants; St. Just more firmly seated than ever; Carnot reduced to silence; Billaud completely at one with Robespierre; the Police Committee and the Nantese trembling for their heads. But Robespierre is undoubtedly ill, and that St. Just looks to succeed him there can be no doubt. The lists of the proscribed are partly compounded at Clichy, under the influence of the horrible women De Mahé and Bonnefoi, whom he‡ keeps there. No one of the Government,

\* Here the entry breaks off.

† Barère.

‡ *Sc.* Barère.



except the dramatist Collot, who is of little weight, ever goes there. There is little to do in our work-room, and the heat in and out of doors is almost insupportable. Black Nicolas, the printer,\* is for ever thrusting his ugly face in upon me. I think he is a spy, yet it is not the least strange among the circumstances of this strange time to see a negro sitting on the Bench and judging the best blood of France for eighteen livres per diem. I made some excuse to call at his lodging in the old poultry-mart near St. Michael's Bridge, but found the door barricaded. The Government talk openly of suppressing all Newspapers, except the official *Gazette*, which is "to form Public Opinion."

\* One of the jurors of the Tribunal and one of Robespierre's "gardes," guillotined 12th Thermidor. I find no mention of his being a negro: probably it means he had black blood in him.

'Tis the last resort of silent and coward  
Tyranny.

7th.—A Pyramid is to be erected, says this good Monsieur Rousseau, on the Pas de Calais, on which is to be graven the oath of twenty-five millions of Frenchmen to destroy this execrable English Nation—*an oath sublime*, says he, *which will work miracles!* for Nature already blushes that she created the English race, et cætera, et cætera! It must be understood that we need this sort of stuff to keep us *at the height of the Revolution*. I shall expect to see the ingenious Palloy\* make little models of this Pyramid to carry as cockade-pins, as we used to carry Bastilles

\* Palloy, "le Patriote," was a stone-cutter who presented a Bastille model to the Convention in 1790, and generally lived by selling models made out of its stones. He was nearly arrested for driving too profitable a trade at this, but escaped. He died 1835.

in '89. I hope, if I ever escape, the said Pyramid will be visible from St. Margaret's with a good ship's glass! But I fear before that day we shall have M. Coutel\* over the water, with a new-fashioned *ballon*, and a French Army in its wame.† I am told that this Aeronaute contributed largely to General Jourdan's victory, by an ascent of one of his windships to a height from which he could safely observe the motions of the Austrian Army. With many follies, the Government often propagates scientific improvements in Military art—witness the *Aerial Telegraphes of the Messieurs Chapp* ‡—and we are now to see a balloon attached to every army.

11th.—There have been over a hun-

\* Coutelle, the aeronaut.

† Its inside: another Scotticism.

‡ La Chappe, the inventor of the signal telegraph, first used in 1793.

dred and fifty persons executed during the last three days, for a *conspiracy* in the Luxemburg prison. It is hardly credible that such a systematic butchery should be without some cause, yet the number of women and even of children whose heads have rolled upon the *Altar of Equality* give some colour to the belief that the whole thing is an invention of Herman,\* Lejeune,† and Laune, got up in order to avoid the expense of feeding the poor creatures. Yet so great is the corruption, that I should fancy it would be more to the interest of these worthies (through whose hands the monies for the prison aliment would have to pass) to keep their victims alive. The same complaint is now made of the pes-

\* Herman, born 1759, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, fell with Robespierre.

† Lejeune, a police spy and a Conventional, often *en mission*; died in exile, 1820. Laune I cannot identify.

tilential exhalation from the dead bodies in the Eastern quarter, which I noted some time previous in the West. They have a new burying-ground in the Convent garden of Picpus, handy for the Trône guillotine. Even the Theatres seem deserted, and no wonder! The "Republick," which, since the closing of the "National" last year has been the leading playhouse, has found itself in such a beggarly condition that it has had to apply to the Government for a few thousand livres to pay the wages of its players. Even the most stupid Jacobin will yawn, after a few representations, at such pieces as the *Death of Marat*, and the *Last Judgement of Kings!*\* The loss on the "Republick" has been twenty thousand livres per mensem. A feeble

\* *Le Dernier Jugement des Rois*, by Sylvain Maréchal, was first played at the Théâtre de la République, October 18, 1793.

attempt to revive some of the old glories of the *Comedy* in St. Germain's Street, has failed miserably, although the vast new building there bears the title of "The Equality," and has no boxes.

14th.—A furious and open attack of the sick man\* on the Nantais—this at the Club only. It is wonderful that nothing comes of it in the Convention. Meanwhile, I have received a present of two hundred livres from my masters for my "Mountain," and if my next is equally satisfactory to the *Great Man*, may soon look to be able to *bribe a passport!* though he complains that my "Victory" is not sufficiently classick.†

\* Robespierre.

† This must refer to medals or designs executed, or to be executed. The "great man" is probably David. The work of Hesdin as an official in regular pay would be exempt from the scrutiny of the Jury des Arts. The date of this entry makes it



How vile and tasteless are the new designs for the transformation of the Panthéon!\* I never admired Couston's originals much; but this is sheer naked limbs—bad antique and cheap antique. Voltaire's remains are still in the vaults, enclosed in a large wooden box, and nothing done towards his marble tomb but *the vote*.

15th.—What we English have to expect at the peace, if peace should ever be restored, is apparent from the following *enlightened commercial view*, expressed in a weekly news-sheet here a few days ago—that the interest of England depended wholly on her exports

possible that the "Victory" is a medal to commemorate Fleurus. The reference to "bribing a passport" must be, of course, ironical; Hesdin would not be likely to be in want of money.

\* He means the transformation of the Church of St. Geneviève into the Panthéon, which went on from 1791 to 1799 at intervals.

and on the Slave trade; no other method of ruining her is needful but to *persuade all European countries to close their Ports to her and abolish that branch of commerce.* "We will exclude men of no colour from our ports except *Englishmen and Tyrants.*" Meanwhile, if the Low Countries are really abandoned, the Mynheers will have no choice but declare for a Republick. I dare wager there won't be fifty voices for *Oranje boven\** in Amsterdam.

19th.—It's said that *Legrise*, the clerk, often fills up the charge-sheets at the Tribunal in blank, and that the judges sign *blank condemnations* for use afterwards, so that any private enemies of the Government may be sent to the scaffold without even their pretended form of trial. When there is a

\* "Vive l'Orange;" the Stadtholderate was very unpopular, especially in the province of Holland.

large batch of prisoners to be butchered in one day, and the Judges grow weary, the President puts a question *pro formâ* to each of them, and then addressing them ferociously or ironically, cuts short their answer with “*Tu n’as pas la parole,*” or “*You were a noble,*” and “*You were a priest,*” “*Away with him,*” and the like. There have been instances of priests who have thrown away their own lives by appearing to give the sign of absolution to their penitents on the way to the scaffold. There was a boy of sixteen among the victims to-day; what can he have done? It is impossible to arrive at the actual numbers of those now in the prisons, nor have I kept any regular list of the condemned; but to the best of my recollection, *over twenty-five hundred persons* have perished on the scaffold since the beginning of this year; and, to shew the fear-

ful rate of accelerated progress of the bloodshed, *eight hundred of these during the last four weeks.*\*

20th. — Now that the bells of the Churches have been stolen and melted down, the *bell-ropes* are to be taken also, to be made into hempen cables to supply M. Jambon, who finds some deficiency of hemp. I would to God they were put to their *right use*—to hang him in and all his fellows. I walked to try and get a little breathing space to the Jardin des Plantes—'tis a favourite place for the *Aristocracy of the Revolution* to dine: choke full of spies, too, as every such place is—every flower-girl with her bunch of roses you know to be in Héron's † pay, just as they were in

\* Really the rate was somewhat faster; over thirteen hundred perished between the Law of the 22nd Prairial and the 9th Thermidor.

† Héron was the chief of Robespierre's *private* police (*vide supra*, p. 145).

Hébert's in '92 and '93. These pretty creatures have had for years a right prescriptive to enter all cafés and public places, and even private houses, whenever there is an Assembly. Since the wild beasts from Versailles have been moved to this place, they are kept in an enclosure close down by the River bank. I think it would break the heart of poor old M. Leroy,\* were he alive, to witness the filthy condition of his favourite old Lion, covered with sores and vermin, and tormented by the Parisian sans-culottes *because he was a King.*

I remember him lying with a *favourite dog between his paws* in his old home. The Beasts are not the only thing of which the Palace has been stripped; the Government has very wisely, to

\* C. George Leroy, keeper of the King's wild beasts at Versailles, and author of "Lettres sur les Animaux;" died in 1789.

prevent worse mischief, been steadily transporting to the Louvre all the best works of Art from thence: the rest is to be broken up, and all traces of a past splendour effaced. It's not at present for sale, there being probably the intention to use it as a cannon foundry, or the like; but *Trïanon* is for sale, and even now has a notice to that effect over its gateway.

Versailles, like all the district round Paris, is a nest of thieves. Once it had a population of sixty thousand, and is said to have lost five-sixths of that in five years. The first returns of the year's crop are beginning to be sold. It is to be a wonderful harvest, if any survive to eat of it; but there is no doubt that the Tariff Law has fixed the price\* far too low in

\* *Sc.* of corn.



proportion to that of other commodities.

The Government regards the farmer as a sort of officer, who owes a strict account to them of what he produces. Yet, whenever the vile plan of forced requisition at less than the cost of the produce shall be abandoned, as it must be one day, it will be found that this is the class which has gained most by the Revolution; and, most of all, the wine-growers have gained, and it seems that there are greater facilities for them to evade the Tariff than for the Farmers.

The differences in the cost of produce in each District, the inequality with which the cost of its transportation is calculated, the universal corruption among the innumerable scoundrels who are entrusted with the management, render their *boasted maximum*

a mere absurdity, or a mere instrument of terror imposed upon the inhabitants—\*

\* Here the journal comes to an abrupt conclusion on the very eve of the overthrow of the Terrorist Government. The date given on the cover seems, however, to favor the view suggested in the Preface, that many leaves are lost at the end.

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